

THE Leatherneck

MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



August, 1942

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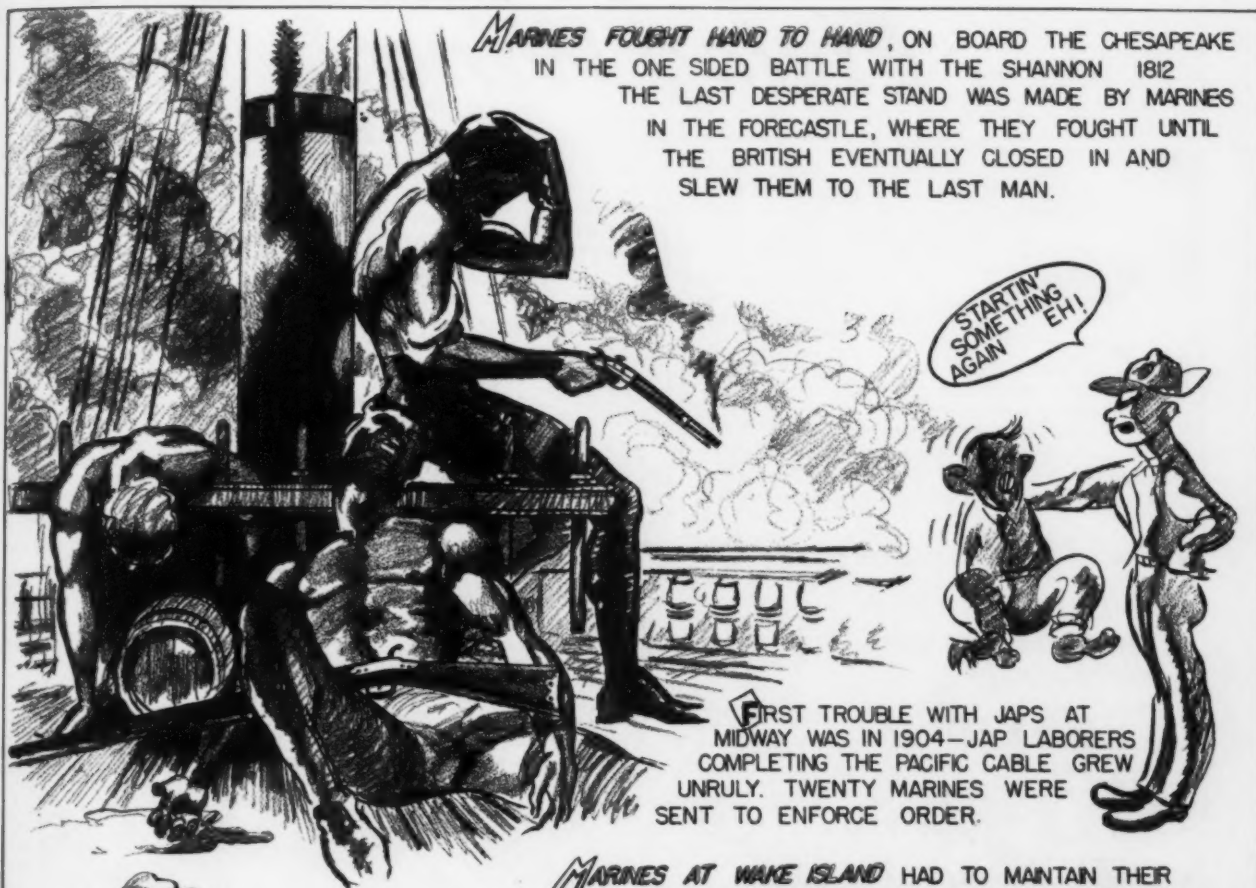
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Leatherneck



LEATHERNECK TRADITIONS . . . by De Grasse



FIRST TROUBLE WITH JAPS AT MIDWAY WAS IN 1904—JAP LABORERS COMPLETING THE PACIFIC CABLE GREW UNRULY. TWENTY MARINES WERE SENT TO ENFORCE ORDER.



MARINES AT WAKE ISLAND HAD TO MAINTAIN THEIR OWN LITTLE PRODUCTION LINE. WHEN THEIR LIMITED NUMBER OF PLANES BEGAN TO SUFFER FROM THE PUNISHMENT— THEY TOOK THE COMBINATION OF TWO AND THREE PLANES BUILT THEM INTO ONE FLYABLE PLANE.

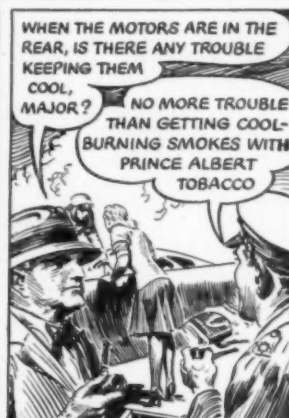
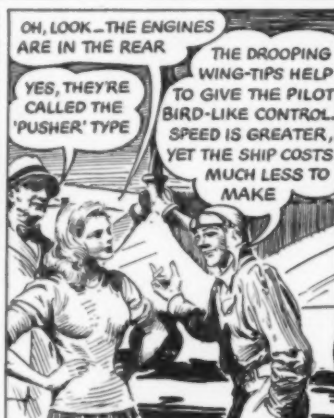
THEY
KEPT
EM
FLYIN'



PVT MURPHY RECEIVED 234 LETTERS, ALL WITHIN A FEW DAYS — MURPHY ADMITS THEY ARE FROM YOUTHFUL ADMIRERS AT ST. MARTIN'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOL IN PHILADELPHIA — HE WAS A TRAFFIC COP ON DUTY THERE!

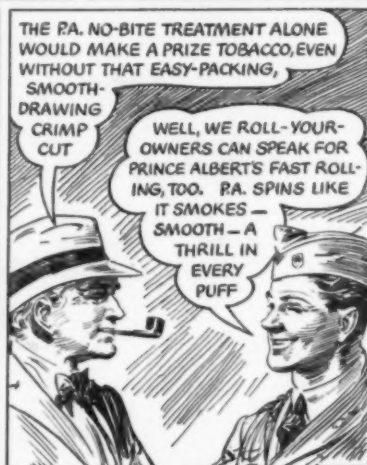
WONDERS OF AMERICA

Flying Wing!



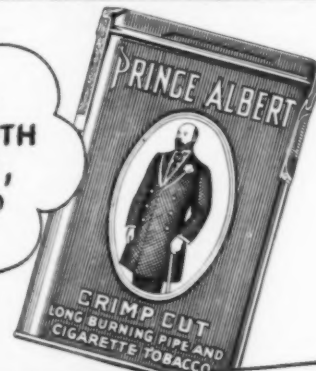
IN RECENT LABORATORY
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED
86 DEGREES
COOLER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE 30 OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED—**COOLEST OF ALL!**

E. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.



PRINCE ALBERT KEEPS
ME IN STEP WITH ROLL-YOUR-
OWN SMOKING JOY, TOO—SMOOTH
MILDNESS YET GOOD TASTE,
SMOOTH, FAST ROLLING—AND
NO SPILLING OR WASTE

**PRINCE
ALBERT**
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



70
fine roll-your-own
cigarettes in every
handy pocket can
of Prince Albert

50
pipefuls of fra-
grant tobacco in
every handy pocket
can of Prince Albert



ON THE COVER:

The Marines are fighting a lot on the beaches in the War of the Pacific. Here one of the Corps' fighting men stands guard on shore of tropical outpost.

Carry On!

Camp Elliott, Calif.

Sirs:

Picture on page 41 of June LEATHERNECK shows four "left-handed" Chinese soldiers firing small weapons. Are these soldiers really southpaws or did engraver reverse picture?

COLONEL MARTIN D. McALLISTER,
G.S.C., U.S.A.

The Colonel is very observing. Picture was reversed. Art editor gets rebuke.—Ed.

New River, N. C.

Sirs:

Your article on the British Commandos in the May issue of THE LEATHERNECK was fairly interesting but filled with a lot of errors. My outfit trained with the Commandos for a number of weeks while we were in England. The author of your article must have gotten his material by reading the comic strips.

A U. S. MARINE JUST RETURNED
FROM THE BRITISH ISLES.

Our piece on the Commandos was based on information obtained from best U. S. and British sources in Washington. Sorry, if it did not jibe with first-hand knowledge. We do read the comic strips! —Ed.

San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

I have taken part in two engagements of the current conflict while serving on board ship. My ship saw action at Marshall and Gilbert Islands and in the Battle of the Coral Sea. I wish to know if there are any ribbons for the two engagements in which I participated?

RAY CAMPBELL,
Corporal, USMC.

You rate the defense medal with one star.—Ed.

Volume XXV

Number 8

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

THE Leatherneck

THE MARINE BARRACKS • EIGHTH AND EYE, S. E. • WASHINGTON, D. C.



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The opinions of authors whose articles appear in THE LEATHERNECK do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters.

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Something **NEW*** has
been added!



Bob King, President of the Rutgers Chapter of Zeta Psi, visits Frances Bonham, at work for Uncle Sam in Washington, D. C. The Old Gold Reporter notices Bob's Zeta Psi pin on her Spring suit!

O. G. R. Something new has been added, eh?
FRANCES: Yes, and it's pretty exciting.

O. G. R. Adding something new is always exciting . . . as we said when we added something new to Old Golds.

BOB: Right! O. G.'s are smooth—no mistake!

O. G. R. Because the new tobacco we've added—*Latakia*—enriches the flavor . . .

BOB: Anyhow—it's great, for my money!

FRANCES: Yes sir! We're all rooting for new Old Golds.

O. G. R. Glad to hear it! So are millions of others. New Old Golds are so much more distinctive—we want everyone to try the new smoking pleasure.

**LATAKIA*—a flavorful Mediterranean tobacco—now seasons the famous tobaccos of the Old Gold blend. Every puff is more delightful. Discover this new smoking pleasure today!



*something that steps
up smoking pleasure!



THE LEATHERNECK



BY F. O. COOKE

THERE was no escape from the broiling African sun. Even in the thin shade of the kneeling camels and the shelter tents, sweat dripped steadily from the squad of Marines standing guard over the sacks of dried food and goatskins of water. They were in dress blues too, with the mercury at over 100, for the Lieutenant had early discovered that the slippery, treacherous minds of the natives were impressed as much by the bold colors of the uniforms as by the proven fighting ability of the men who wore them.

The Marines were outnumbered nearly 30 to 1 by desert fighters who were their supposed comrades-in-arms, any one of whom would have slit his messmate's throat for an extra ration of water. But the Motley crew of Africans had a healthy respect for the tough Marine detail, and kept at a safe distance when they made their muttered threats and plots to sabotage the expedition.

It was a tough spot for any outfit—in many ways, the most difficult the Marines had ever handled. Hundreds of miles from any regulation source of supply or reinforcement, with hundreds of miles yet to go across the heartless Libyan desert, one squad of Marines and a pick-up army of Mediterranean adventurers set out to march into the heart

of enemy territory, make contact with an American warship at a secret rendezvous, and push on to capture the vital port of Deran, manned by a garrison of 800 men.

It was a desperate gamble, but those were desperate times. American sailors, Marines, and captured civilians lay rotting, not in prison camps, but chained in dungeons to be sold in the slave markets or held for ransom. The villainous Pasha of Tripoli had opened war on all American shipping off his shores, figuring, as did the warlords of Japan a century and a quarter later, that the United States was too far away and too anxious to let well enough alone to interfere with his piratical activities.

THE TROUBLE STARTS

He was finding out different. The squad of Marines under their tall Lieutenant O'Bannon was America's answer to the challenge, the first proof the Old World was to see that the United States would protect its citizens from aggression in all corners of the earth, and that the fledgling nation's first line of defense was the newly formed Marine Corps.

In many ways this expedition under Lieut. O'Bannon in 1804 had the same set-up as today's Commando raids. They faced a foe seeking world prestige and booty, a foe who had already torn up

a treaty, murdered his brother, seized his remaining brother's wife and children as hostages, and built up the entire African coast of the Mediterranean into a pirate's stronghold. No shipping could get through unless convoyed by warships. No enemy could come near him without warning by the hundreds of Arab spies and fifth columnists selling information to the highest bidder.

Yet against these terrific odds the Marines were staking all on a blow at the Pasha's stronghold. With them came the rightful ruler, the usurper's brother, Hamet, who had been found, after a long and gruelling search, in hiding up the Nile. The plan was to restore him to the throne as rightful ruler, and so bring peace between the U. S. and Tripoli. This ambitious scheme was the brainchild of William Eaton, former Army officer and diplomatic freelance, whom O'Bannon and his Marines had accompanied in the adventurous trip up the Nile, and in the even harder task of rounding up an army to set out on such a perilous mission.

All that could be found, besides Hamet's retinue of 90 men, were a unit of 36 Greeks under their two officers, and a hundred-odd Arab mercenaries, attracted by the idea of grabbing booty from whichever side gave in first.

Right from the start there was friction among the various groups. The first



morning out, the camel-drivers struck for pay in advance, threatening to leave the expedition without guides or transportation. The money was finally paid them out of the pockets of the Marines, which didn't help much to create international friendship.

Almost every day thereafter the Arabs threatened to turn back and had to be held in line by the hard-bitten Americans. Messengers brought word that Werna was being reinforced daily; Hamet himself got cold feet, and wanted to return to the safe obscurity of Egypt. Eaton was at his wit's end to hold the expedition together, and counted more and more on O'Bannon and the Marines.

After fifteen days of almost constant bickering, the 80 camel drivers deserted overnight, leaving the detail stranded some 200 miles from the Egyptian frontier, in the heart of the desolate desert. They hoped the expedition would wander off the caravan route, become weakened and rebellious and fall easy prey to Arab bandits, who would split the booty with their camel-driving cousins.

But Lieut. O'Bannon was wise to their game. He promptly rounded up all food, water and ammunition, withdrew into a fortified ruin called Mosearah Castel, and threatened the remaining Arabs with starvation unless they called back the camel drivers. In a few days all had returned and the expedition was once more under way.

It took these Marines and their weak-kneed comrades six weeks to march the 500 miles to Bomba—over terrain which today's mechanized units skim over at 50 miles per hour. O'Bannon's men averaged less than 15 miles a day, only about half as fast as had been expected. Supplies ran low after the first month of march, and there was the danger that they would miss their rendezvous with Capt. Hull of the U. S. warship "Argus" at Bomba Bay.

THE NATIVES MARVEL

Finally the food gave out altogether. They were still a week away from Bomba and native runners had just brought in word that Derna's walls were packed with new armies waiting to swoop down upon them.

Hamet wanted to go back to Egypt again. The camel-drivers sneaked off to their jackal cousins. The Greeks and armed Arabs deployed into formations against O'Bannon and his men. It looked like sandy graves for the U. S. Marine expedition.

O'Bannon and his men calmly stood their ground, dug in around the remaining stores, and prepared to face the Oriental music. Eaton went out to talk it over with the mutineers backed up by the Marines' musket barrels gleaming in the sun. The deserters knew those Marines could shoot, had watched them knock off with a single bullet desert animals almost invisible against the sandy background. Faced by the unblinking stare of a dozen steady rifle muzzles, backed by grim jaws, keen eyes, steady trigger fingers, the mutineers

backed down, agreed to go at least as far as Bomba.

The next week was unadulterated hell. Tortured by thirst, racked with heat and hunger, the men of the Corps could not relax their vigilance for an instant. They marched by night, to evade enemy patrols and take advantage of the cooler air. By day they stood guard around the ammunition, sleeping only an hour or two at a time in groups of 2 or 3.

O'Bannon was a miracle man, always calm, unflagging in strength and determination to bring the expedition through



to success. His men caught some of his spark and plodded along stoically, through blistering heat and slogging sand, kicking up fine dust which caked their sweaty bodies and choked their lungs. But they never gave in to a moment's weakness—men of iron with tireless nerves they seemed to the exhausted native troops.

On the night of April 14, O'Bannon visited Eaton's tent. The freelance agent was close to collapse as he spoke to the tall Marine.

"By all reckoning, Lieutenant, the

Bay of Bomba should be in sight from the next row of dunes. Let's pray to God that Hull and the "Argus" have waited for us there, for if we don't get more men and supplies tomorrow, it's all up with us. We can't hold these heathen off another day."

O'Bannon refused to be panicked. "You've still got the Marines," he told Eaton. "And my men, sick as they are, can stand off any crew of bloody Arab pirates for another week or two, if need be."

The next day as the caravan wound slowly toward the top of the row of huge dunes, Eaton rose in his seat astride the swaying camel and peered anxiously toward the blue Mediterranean horizon. After a few minutes' nerve-racking scrutiny, he turned hurriedly and shouted, "Call up your men, O'Bannon. We're in for it now. There's no ship in sight."

O'Bannon quickly assembled the Marines and had them stand by for action. "Sergeant," he ordered crisply, "get the rest of the Christians in this outfit up on that hill with the lead camels. This is liable to turn into a religious war when Hamet and his men discover there are no ships here."

A glance downhill showed he was right. The Arabs were dismounting, pitching tents, holding a council of war in front of the largest one. Threatening glances were cast uphill toward the Americans and Greeks. The click of the Marines' flintlocks as they pulled them back to cock sounded ominous in the dead stillness broken only by growls and cries from the Arabs below.

REINFORCEMENTS REFUSED

O'Bannon turned to his men. "They'll wait until just before morning to attack. I think, but we'd best be prepared. Sergeant, portion out the watches so that each man gets at least a few hours' sleep."

Campfires were lit at the bottom of the hill as the Arabs squatted for a council of war. The Marines eased to the ground, stretching cramped muscles, digging into the hot scratchy sand, but never relaxing vigilance. The nearness of danger kept most of them awake all night, but O'Bannon calmly lay down and went to sleep, husbanding all his strength for the morrow.

Shortly before dawn, the sergeant standing watch on the hilltop awakened his Lieutenant with a yell and a none too gentle shaking.

"Wake up, sir, wake up. A ship's coming into the harbor. I can see the lights."

Cries from below attested that the Arab camp also had seen the shadowy vessel approaching the shore. Both camps waited in suspense for the light of dawn to reveal her identity. Was it the "Argus?" Or had the Pasha, informed by Arab spies, sent a pirate crew to despatch the weakened expedition?

Suddenly a cheer went up from the Marine encampment as the warship ran

(Continued on page 70)

Some Fresh Worries for the Axis

War brings out Man's Inventive nature more than any other activity. Here are some new weapons of U. S.

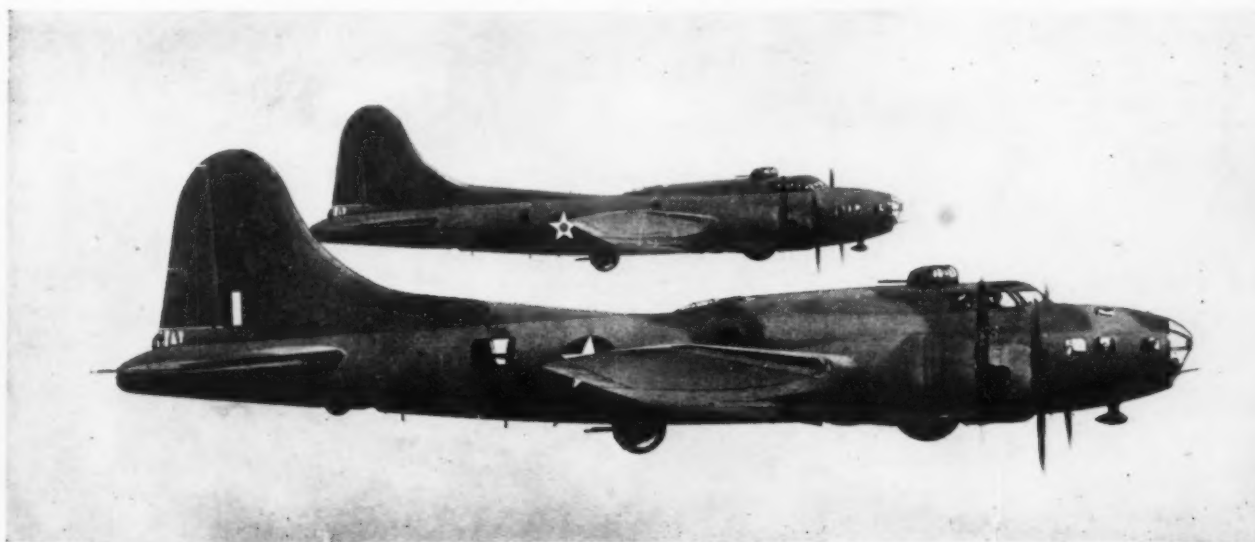


ONE of the few good aspects of modern warfare is that it requires men to work at a high pitch, using the maximum of brain-power. New weapons appear, and counter weapons must be devised. In this way swift progress is made that is later reflected in industry after the wars are over. For example, aviation took tremendous strides in World War I and there are even swifter aerial developments in the current world-wide conflict. In the air, on the ground and on the sea, U. S. armed forces are motivated by the idea of getting the maximum firepower on each

mobile unit. Take the army's light reconnaissance car, or jeep (shown in the picture at the top of the page), for an example: mounted with a 37-millimeter gun it becomes a devastating part of a tank-destroyer unit. The high-gearred jeeps, with this firepower, have a better chance than you would first think against comparatively slow-moving tanks. More and more guns are bristling from turrets of American bombers, as illustrated by the Boeing B-17E's show cruising high above the clouds in the picture at the bottom of the page. Armament includes heavy

caliber power turrets on top and bottom of the all-metal fuselage, a deadly tail "stinger" turret, and side mounted guns. Described by the War Department as "bigger and more deadly" than any previous Flying Fortress, this plane marks the seventh Boeing B-17 type built for the Army since 1935. These mighty planes have been active in the Far East since Pearl Harbor, and are now serving the cause of the United States in every part of the world.

(More Pictures of Improved Ordnance on Next Two Pages.)



August, 1942

Mobile Anti-Aircraft and anti-tank guns in action. This unit packs a terrific punch. Two 50-caliber machine guns and a 37-milimeter gun draw beads on enemy planes from one of the U. S. Army's newly-devised mobile units, called an anti-aircraft gun self-propelled. This picture was taken during maneuvers. The unit is part of General Hugh Drum's tank-attacker groups which has demonstrated in war games that tanks can be stopped with guns mounted on trucks. Also very effective against planes.



This Mobile Cannon might change the tide of a battle. One of Uncle Sam's newest types of fighting equipment, now in use at various battle fronts over the globe, is this armored car with half track. It carries a 75 millimeter cannon, mounted on the truck. This cannon can be fired while the truck is moving. This makes the unit an extremely deadly answer to the tank problem. The older type of unit like this required the gun to be removed from the truck and set up before firing.



Medium Tank M-4 is called the "General Lee," and it is an improvement on the M-3 Medium, "General Grant," used by the British in the Libyan campaign. The English criticized the M-3, saying that it had a too-high silhouette and that the guns were not maneuverable enough.

The "General Lee" (pictured at top and bottom) is completely stream-lined and its silhouette is lower than the "General Grant" tank. The 75-millimeter gun rides in the top turret and thus can be fired in any direction without turning the tank. It carries more guns than M-3.





THE AIR WHALE



THE CANARD



THE SNIPE

War Planes of t

THE production of airplanes upon which the nation is now concentrating under war pressure rank with the world's best. Not frozen models, they are constantly under the study of engineers and technical experts for the incorporation of improvements which are planned and arranged for sufficiently far in advance, "sneaked in" so to speak, so as not to interrupt the steady flow of the production line.

The U. S. dare not stop for a moment. For in the laboratories of all leading nations, are groups of scientists who look upon the most successful of current aircraft as already obsolete. Sound aerodynamists, the whole field of modern design is to them finger-tip knowledge. Their job is to conceive and create from the apex of present design achievement, the airplanes which are to fly higher, faster, farther, and more effectively one, two or five years hence. These designers, in order to protect their own nations from surprise advancements in equipment, let no design trends go uninvestigated. The agency which forms this guard of the future for the U. S. Army air forces is composed of a group of Air Corps officers and civilian engineers at the Air Corps' Material Division, Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. More specifically they are known as the Design Development Unit of the Aircraft Laboratory. By visitors privileged to glimpse the work of these specialists, the organization has been dubbed the "Jules Verne" or "Buck Rogers" department. However no design is ever started, the details of which are not based on sound aeronautical knowledge.

The Design Development Unit may conceive from its knowledge of latest engine, propeller and aerodynamic developments, a bomber, pursuit or other military type with definitely improved characteristics over any other current plane. The design

channel of experience squadrons. The nation high speed.

Usually, a certain upon the weapon. Each type compromise the face.

Illustrations of the designs for

The Air which has procuring. Two prop two of the The Cana propeller advantage over the are excell

The Snipe submerged pilot and twin prop The Bat enlarged c tively thin has single merged.

The Wind with a thin at the extr

The Eagle engines, w collectively lra. (Pic Corps.)

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channels to an Air Corps Board comprised of experienced members of the tactical squadrons of the Combat Command.

The military demand may be for a certain high fire power and a definite high speed. The design engineers know whether the combination can be achieved. Usually, one element must be sacrificed to a certain extent, the sacrifice depending upon the tactical purpose or type of weapon for which the plane is intended. Each type of plane has its own set of compromises which can not be evaded in the face of hard technical facts.

Illustrated on these two pages are some of the Design Development Units plane designs for the future:

The Air Whale is a four-engine bomber which has its motors arranged for the procuring of advantageous fire power. Two propellers are of the pusher and two of the tractor type.

The Canard has the tail first and the propeller at the extreme rear, giving the advantage of elimination of rough air over the airplane. Vision characteristics are excellent.

The Snipe's Single Engine is completely submerged in the fuselage behind the pilot and it drives oppositely rotating twin propellers. Vision is excellent.

The Bat possesses the advantages of an enlarged center section wing with a relatively thin percentage characteristic. It has single engine with the motor submerged.

The Windmill has single-engine design with a thin wing. The propeller, placed at the extreme rear, would eliminate turbulent or rough air over the entire plane.

The Eagle is powered by two submerged engines, wholly contained in the fuselage, collectively driving two pusher propellers. (Pictures courtesy of U. S. Air Corps.)



THE WINDMILL



THE EAGLE



RECKLESS MOUNTAIN BOYS



**"Oh, the Hatfields and the McCoy's
Wuz reckless mountain boys—
And they would kill you quicker
Then you could give your eye a
flicker."**

TODAY a new battle cry is reechoing through the rolling Kentucky hill country where hard-bitten mountaineers traditionally grab their rifles at the slightest provocation.

"The Hatfields and McCoy's are fightin' agin," is the news passed around as the hillfolk gather. "There's gonna be blood spilt."

Yes, the descendants of "Devil Anse" Hatfield and Old Ran'l McCoy are battling once more. But this time they are fighting shoulder to shoulder in a bigger war.

Their new battle cry is the Marine Corps Hymn.

Since the war began, scores of Hatfields and McCoy's have accepted the United States Marine Corps' invitation to take a crack at the Axis.

Eager, rugged young men, they have deserted their plows to take up arms against the common enemy.

If those old Hatfield-McCoy feudists were to come out of the Kentucky hills today, in Rip Van Winkle fashion and pay a visit to the U. S. Marine Corps Recruit Training Depot at Parris Island, South Carolina, they'd have the surprise of their lives.

They would see a Hatfield and a McCoy side by side on the Rifle Range, helping each other learn the fine points of marksmanship which have been a tra-

dition with the Marine Corps for 167 years—firing at a bullseye instead of putting rifle balls through each other.

Descendants of the Hatfield and McCoy families are numerous throughout the Kentucky-West Virginia area. And the young men of this southern mountain stock seem to find just their right place in the Marine Corps.

The large number that have joined up is due in part to the recruiting work of two Marine sergeants who are members of the Hatfield clan. Staff Sergeant

Side by side at the Parris Island, S. C., Marine Corps recruit training depot, Privates Cabell Terry Hatfield (left) and Edward LaPort, a member of McCoy clan, fire rifles.

Nigh W. Mickey is located at Williamson, W. Va., and Sergeant J. B. Marshall Runyon is recruiting at Clarksburg, W. Va.

The Hatfields and McCoy's are of military stock, for prior to the outbreak of their feud the two leaders served in the Civil War. Kentucky and West Virginia, the home states of the two families, remained in the Union during the War Between the States, but men from different sections joined on each side. Anderson (Devil Anse) Hatfield became a member of the "Logan Wildcats," a Confederate regiment in which he advanced to the rank of Captain. Randall McCoy, however, stuck with the Union.

SOUTHERNER VS. YANK

At the close of the war, Captain Anderson Hatfield, a powerful young man of 27, six feet tall with a full black beard and piercing black eyes, settled on the Little Tug fork of Big Sandy River in Logan County, W. Va., across the border from eastern Kentucky.

Randall McCoy, who had fought on the Union side, was 20 years the Captain's senior. While he had not risen to commissioned rank, he had the cocky self-assurance of being on the winning side.

His antagonism toward Anderson Hatfield must have been sharpened by the



"How do you expect to learn anything about shooting if you don't pay attention?"

reported killing of his kinsman, Harmon McCoy, at the hands of the Captain in one of the skirmishes of 1863.

Randall lived just a few miles across from Hatfield in Pike County, Kentucky, where he acted as head of the numerous McCoy tribe.

It was only natural that a clash occurred among these fearless mountain groups, and it developed into the most widely known feud of American history. While the story is based in large part on conflicting accounts, it is generally agreed that the "war" broke out in 1878 through a trivial incident.

Floyd Hatfield, brother of "Devil Anse," was passing the house of Randall McCoy one day and saw a bunch of razor back hogs penned up there. He swore that several of the hogs belonged to him.

Floyd went "to law" about it, bringing the case before a Justice of the Peace who was a kinsman of his, Deacon Ellison Hatfield.

As might be guessed, Deacon Ellison awarded the verdict to Floyd Hatfield.

THE SHOOTIN' STARTS

It was not long after this that Randall McCoy found a party of Hatfields seining fish in the Tug River. He accused one of them, Bill Stayton, of perjury himself at the trial. In the resulting melee McCoy was knocked down with a hefty stone.

A few months later Stayton ran into Sam and Parish McCoy and the shooting started, which was to continue in one bloody affray after another down through the Hatfield-McCoy generations.

Stayton fired first, wounding Parish in the hip. Then, it is said, Sam McCoy rushed in and ended the scene with a bullet through Stayton's head.

The McCos were brought to trial but acquitted for lack of evidence. Now there was an open "declaration of war" between the families.

Not long after this there was a fiction-like romantic interlude which might have augured for peace. Jonce Hatfield, eldest son of "Devil Anse," became enamored of pretty Rosa Ann McCoy, daughter of Randall, the family head. Jonce, a dashing, handsome fellow already was acquiring a local reputation for his feminine conquests. He acted as chief distributing agent for his father's line of illicit whiskey, and although only 18 years old at this time he already had 27 indictments against him under the Excise Law of Kentucky.

While having a romantic moment with Rosa Ann in a secluded spot, the pair were surrounded by her brothers. But the girl had inherited her share of the McCoy spunk, and was determined to stick by her lover. Stealing a horse out of her father's stable she rode madly over the rocky, twisting roads to the home of "Devil Anse." That fierce, bearded figure picked up his rifle and set out to cut off his son's captors.

As the group of McCos came around a bend in the road they gazed into the muzzle of that long rifle. And they turned



"Devil Anse" toted his shooting iron, even when he posed for photograph.

over the prisoner. Incidentally, one of the McCos who got a little nervous in the situation paid for it with his life.

Unfortunately, this liaison of the two families did not blossom into permanence. Rosa Ann lived a year with Jonce at his father's house. But that young Romeo began wandering in other pastures, so poor Rosa Ann had to return to the old homestead with her baby boy.

The next incident in the feud took place at an election celebration in 1882. The Hatfields and McCos were backing the same candidate, and as the jugs of "corn squeezin's" passed from hand to hand a fraternal atmosphere developed.

DEATH OF A HATFIELD

But Tolbert McCoy decided the day wouldn't be complete without one scrap. As the story is told, he blustered up to Elias Hatfield:

"Elias," he drawled, "when do you aim to pay me that dollar and seventy-five cents you owed me a spell back?"

Elias looked at him in amazement.

"Why, Tolbert, I paid that back to you three years ago and you know it!"

"That's a p'int-blank lie!" retorted Tolbert.

"Mind your tongue!" Elias warned.

"I'm hell on two feet when I get started!"

Nor did they waste any time getting started. Some local officer of the law, however, summoned enough nerve to arrest the pair. On the scene came Deacon Ellison Hatfield, who had presided at the razor back hog trial. He denounced Tolbert McCoy as a coward, meanwhile waving a big clasp knife in front of his nose. The officer had to release Tolbert to give him a chance for his life, and Tolbert whipped out his knife and the battle was on.

In the melee, little Randall McCoy, a lad in his early teens, ran up and plunged his knife repeatedly into Ellison Hatfield. The tough old Deacon, though grievously wounded, threw Tolbert to the ground and was preparing to crush his head with a stone when one Premar McCoy sent a bullet into Ellison's back.

It was generally admitted that Ellison was in right bad shape. That night his friends looked him over and counted the bullet hole and 27 "stob" wounds.

There were enough Hatfields around to take the three McCos, Tolbert, Phemar and little Randall, into custody. The McCos were taken over to the West Virginia line and held while tough old Ellison gave up the breath of life. Though the kinsmen of the hostages pleaded for a legal trial, the Hatfields didn't seem particularly interested.

The three captives were marched back to the Kentucky side, tied to trees and shot. Even little Randall met the fate of his companions.

ANSE 'GETS RELIGION'

The McCos never quite recovered from the shock of this extermination. Feeling unable to retaliate by force, they offered a reward to anyone who would bring the guilty parties to justice. This only resulted in "Devil Anse" deciding that their chief, Randall McCoy, must die.

On New Year's night of 1888, according to the information available, a party of Hatfields set out for Randall's house.

There, in one room were Randall, his wife, and his son, Calvin. In the other room were the three girls of the family and Rosa Ann's boy of seven. Surrounding the place, the Hatfields demanded that Randall come out.

One of the girls appeared and pleaded that the men were away. She was ordered to strike a light so the room could be searched, but she didn't have the material at hand to comply. Infuriated, one of the Hatfields swore she was lying and shot her on the spot. Then an attempt was made to set the cabin on fire to drive out the inmates. The McCos fought the blaze with what water they had, and then used a churn of buttermilk in a futile effort to stem the flames.

Calvin, overpowered by the smoke, made a dash for the woods. He almost reached safety when he was dropped by a rifle bullet.

Then old Ran'l himself came fighting

(Continued on page 71)

GYRENE GYNGLES



SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Here it is Saturday
And with your day's work done,
You look for your bunk
And think, sleep, what fun!

With sighs of contentment
And satisfaction divine,
You stretch out horizontal
And say, "this is fine."

But alas, you are fooled
And dismay fills the air,
You find a few obstacles
That get in your hair.



The radio's blaring
Some Mexican tune,
The locker doors banging
Like a boot-camp platoon.

There's a crap game beside you
Or else poker or rummy,
And the usual bridge-hound that asks
"Who's the dummy?"

There's the shower room tenor
Just a little off key,
But as near to the real thing
As he'll ever be.



Above shines a light bulb
Two hundred watts strong,
With its glare in your eyes
And you ask, "What's wrong?"

Suddenly, the noise is abated
And you pass into dream,
Only to waken
And let out a scream.

The radio's off
There's no poker game now,
The whole darn bunch
Have shored off for chow.



You grab at your pants
And dash down the hall,
Trip on a locker box,
Stumble and fall.

You pick yourself up
Just a bit madder,
Read the guy off
And dash down the ladder.



Only to find
To your greatest dismay,
That the last chow's over
Until the next day.

So back to your bunk
You carry your strife.
Muttering, "I'll Never Ship Over,
Lord, what a life!"
—CORP. RICHARD McCANN, USMC.



THE NIGHT LIFE GETS ME DOWN

A young Marine was trudging
Upon a night patrol.
No moon was there to guide him,
Around the swampy hole.
The briars tore his clothing.
His feet slipped on the clay
And as he fell into the mud,
His buddies heard him say:



It's not the fleas and blood-ticks
I mind when on the trail,
The heat and rain may pelt me
And yet I shall not fail.
The hardships of the boondocks,
My weary, aching feet,
The thirsty, dreary, endless miles,
Have never made me bleat.
For rugged, ragged, rock-strewn hills
And canyons, sere and brown
Are easy in the day time. It's
The night-life has me down.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

SHINOLA O'PEAL

There once was a sergeant named John E. O'Peal;
He claimed he was Irish and walked on his heel,
He browbeat and bullied from morning till dusk
And God help the man with some metal in rust.

Now J. E. O'Peal had the esprit de corps,
Though his manners were truly as sharp as a boar;
When brightwork did glisten and metal did shine
O'Peal wore a look that was almost divine.

I've seen many a sight with these old eyes of mine
And there's nothing as pretty as bright work in shine;
But from private to sergeant he jumped in short span
And owes most of his rates to the Shinola can.

Now some people drink and many do smoke,
But I never knew John to take even a coke.
His day was complete and his attitude fine
If all buckets and buckles and brackets did shine.

Now J. E. had service and his stripes numbered three;
He had sailed most of the oceans and all of the seas,
Done duty in China, in Guam and Haiti,
But, hell, was I glad when he had done—done duty with me.

—SERGEANT W. D. CAHILL.

THE LEATHERNECK

Indians Raise Dust!



INDIAN DOUBLE TALK

DURING WORLD WAR I THE CHOCTAW INDIAN LANGUAGE WAS USED IN TRANSMITTING IMPORTANT MESSAGES BY TELEPHONE AND BY WIRELESS SO THAT THEY WOULD BE UNDECIPHERABLE TO ANY ENEMIES WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING IN.

IN WORLD WAR II AMERICAN INDIAN COLLOQUIALS MAY BE USED AGAIN FOR THERE ARE NOT LIKELY TO BE ANY EXPERTS ON CHOCTAW, COMANCHE, ETC., IN THE AXIS COUNTRIES

INDIAN MAIDENS

CROW INDIAN GIRLS

FROM THE RESERVATION AT BILLINGS, MONTANA WANT TO JOIN THE W.A.A.C. MOST OF THE YOUNG BRAVES HAVE ENLISTED IN THE ARMED FORCES ALREADY. NOW ROBERT 'YELLOWTAIL' SUPERINTENDENT, IS AFRAID THE RESERVATION WILL SOON BE DESERTED

PARACHUTE POPPERS

WOMEN OF THE CHIPPEWA INDIAN TRIBE OF MICHIGAN HAVE GONE ON THE WAR-PATH. FORTY GIRLS OF THE TRIBE DECIDED AT A POW-WOW TO FORM A RIFLE BRIGADE TO GET ANY PARACHUTE TROOPS WHO MIGHT LAND IN THE WILD, NORTHERN END OF THE STATE. PRINCESS SILVER STAR IS THE LEADER OF THE GIRLS.

SAN DIEGO PLATOON

THE MARINE CORPS

FIRST "ALL NAVAJO," ALL INDIAN PLATOON, NO. 382 HAS BEEN TRAINING AT THE RECRUIT CAMP OF THE SAN DIEGO BASE. THE FIGHTING NAVAJOS HAVE TURNED IN REMARKABLE RECORDS ON THE BAYONET AND RIFLE RANGE AND THEY'RE ONE OF THE HEALTHIEST PLATOONS AT THE DEPOT.



SMELL LIKE SKUNK

A DEMONSTRATION ON INCENDIARY BOMBS AND ON POISON GAS WAS HELD BY THE ARMY AT THE VIEJAS VALLEY IN CALIFORNIA. MUSTARD GAS WAS PERMITTED TO ROLL THROUGH THE VALLEY WHILE TRIBESMAN WORE GAS MASKS.

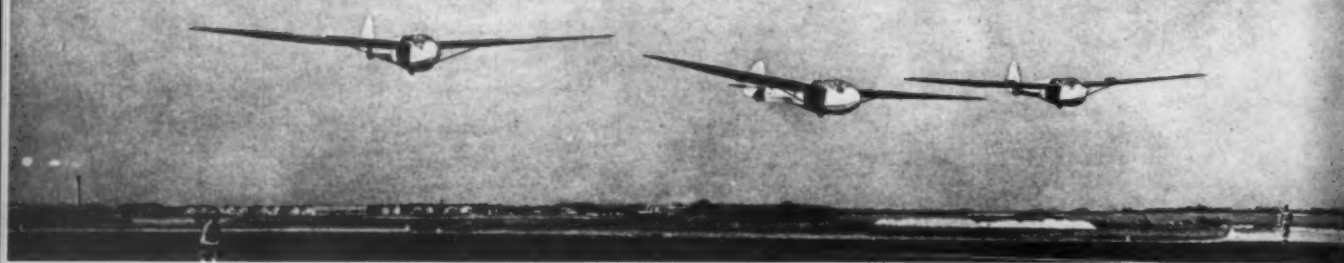
"SMELLS LIKE SKUNK" COMMENTED THE INDIANS SNIFFING THE GAS FROM AFAR.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE MARINES HAVE A SIOUX INDIAN RECRUIT NAMED - PRIVATE "JOE KILLS PRETTY ENEMY", HOWEVER, JOE DOESN'T LIKE HIS NAME ANYMORE AND WOULD LIKE TO CHANGE IT TO "KILLS UGLY ENEMY", HE SEES NOTHING PRETTY ABOUT THE JAPS, GERMANS AND ITALIANS.

SOARING MARINES



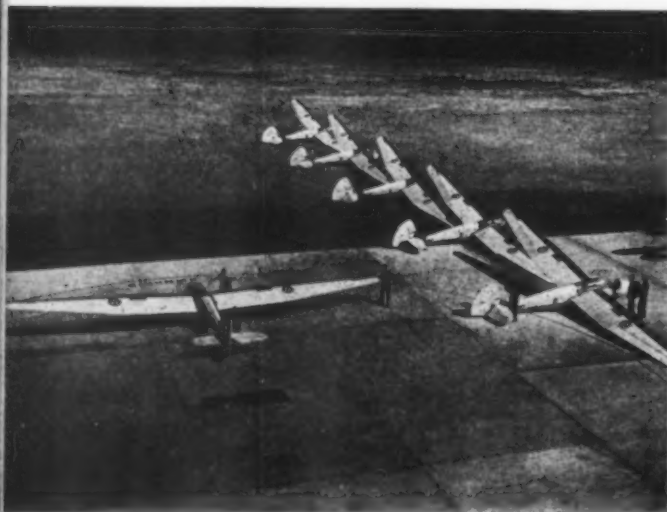
Covey of three Marine gliders, towed in V-formation, takes off from the Glider School field at Parris Island. Each glider must leave the ground simultaneously. These soarers are manned by commissioned air pilots. Ground crewmen are at each side of runway. The Parris Island school trains glider troops and ground crewmen as well as pilots. On this and the succeeding page are camera studies of Marine Corps' intrepid glider pilots.



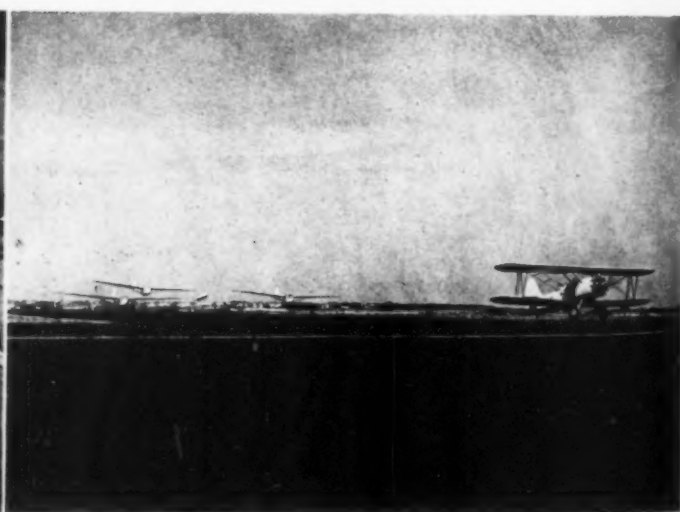
Pilots of motorless Marine aircraft are a tough and daring bunch. In this picture three commissioned pilots are preparing for a flight. The average flyer can learn the rudiments of gliding in four weeks.



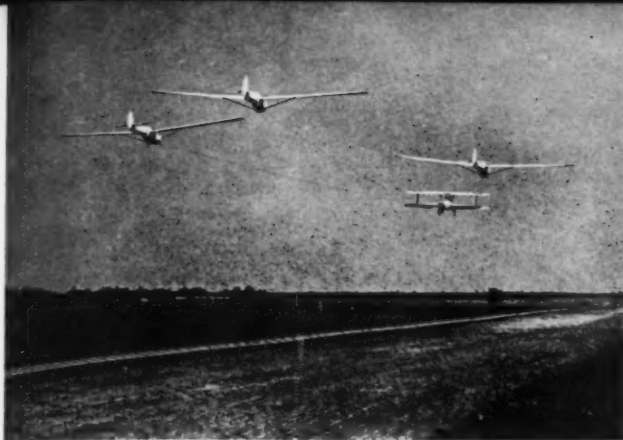
Detachment Commander (center) gives explicit instructions before every flight. Flying a heavy military glider in V-formation of a tow train requires great skill and lots of teamwork between the pilots.



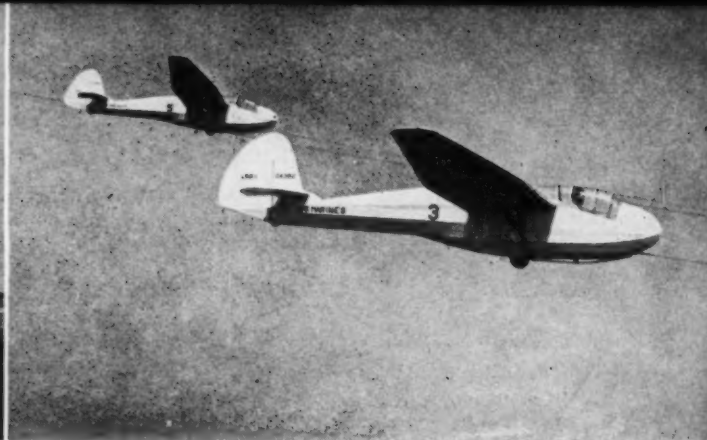
Ground crew rolls light craft out on runways. Gliders are cheaply built and easily maintained. Usually the ships are towed in threesomes, but the Germans often haul "freight trains" of six or more gliders.



Takeoff is crucial time. Glider and tow pilots must be on alert, particularly, at this stage for snarled tow cables can cause disaster to the whole train. Gliders in picture are off ground before towing craft.



Soarers fly slightly higher than towing craft in order to avoid plane's slipstream which would make glider almost unmanageable. Glider pilots study birds around them to tell whether updrafts or downdrafts are ahead.



Precision in formation is required of the glider men. These two gliders are being towed on a 1,000-foot cable. Glider pilots are so busy keeping ship in position that manual part of flying becomes natural.

Gyrenes Glide to War

THE U. S. Marines, always active in development of new techniques of warfare, went in for gliders back in the Summer of 1941. That year a group of naval aviators were sent to Chicago where they attended the Lewis School of Aeronautics and the Motorless Flight School.



GLIDER
MARINE

These young officers are now teaching other glider pilots in the Marine Glider Group 71, which has headquarters at Page Field, Parris Island, S. C.

Commanded by Lieut. Col. V. M. Guymon, the Glider Detachment has an amazing safety record. In over a year of training there has been only one accident, and it was not particularly dangerous. Under the rigid program of training, glider pilots at Parris Island are turned out as master craftsmen in six weeks.

Any type of Marine or Navy land or sea plane can tow the gliders, either singly or in tandem. Glider pilots can be used interchangeably in power planes, for every Marine glider officer also must be a naval aviator.

Both Lieut. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, commandant of the Marine Corps, and Brig. Gen. R. L. Mitchell, director of the Division of Aviation, have flown aloft in the two-place soaring planes at Parris Island.

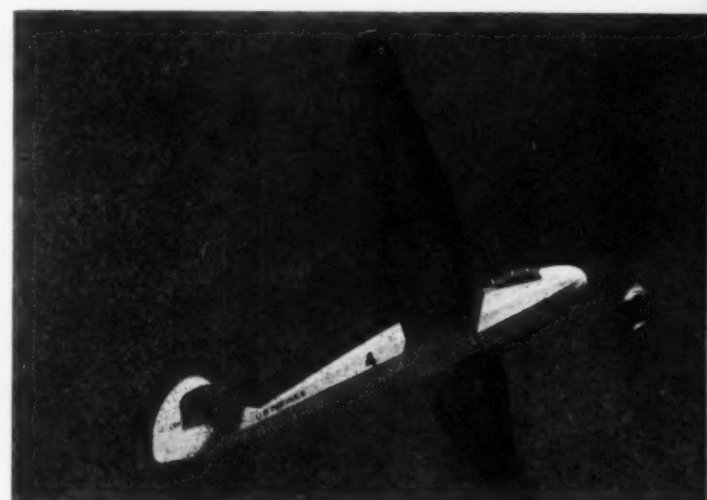
Marine glider pilots have five stages in their work, and they are not designated as pilots until they have successfully completed some 1,000 take-offs and landings. It's the take-offs and the landings that are the most important of all in glider flying.

The training routine includes auto, winch and airplane towing; multiple towing by plane; cross-country towing; precision landings and "strange field" landings.

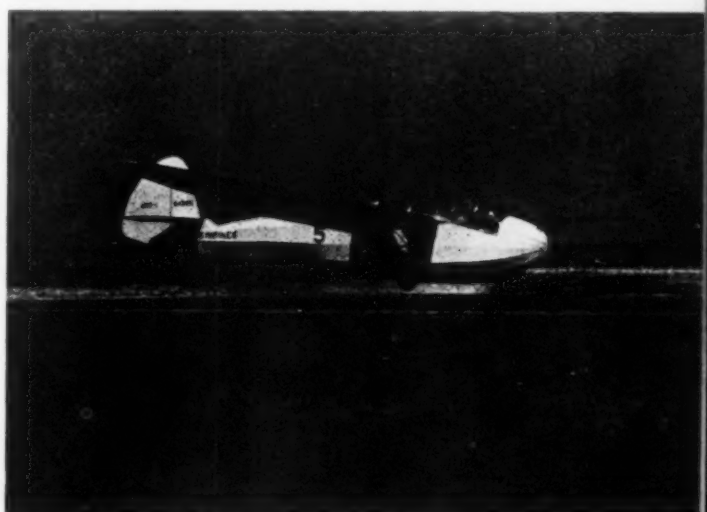
In the flights, the student pilot sits in the front cockpit and the instructor is in the rear. The student can see the instrument board. The instructor has a stick and dual controls but no instruments. In his final solo, the student goes aloft in the back cockpit.

After a number of winch and auto tows, the student is taken up to 2,500 feet, where he cuts loose from the towing plane and learns the stall characteristics of his glider. From the straight-away flights and steeply banked turns, the student stalls and enters into spins.

Landings are then made from heights of 2,000 3,000 and 4,000 feet. Pilots, also, go for an hour at a time in tow, turning and dipping with every movement of the powered plane. Climax of the training are flights to strange fields aided only by wind and compass. Pilots are given the map designation of their destination and are told to cut loose at a signal from the towing craft. Then, on their own, they must approach a designated area in tactical maneuvers after a free flight of several miles.



Towed aloft to 4,000 feet, this sailplane cuts loose from its tow. Gliders contain instruments for flying, just like regular planes. Some sailplanes have instrument on nose to indicate rising currents of warm air.



Flight completed, glider settles down for landing on Parris Island field. For military purposes, sailplanes are used most advantageously where the fighting is over an area so large troops may be landed safely.

What Good Are Battleships?



THEY STILL WIELD THE WORLD'S WICKEDEST WALLOP—

—IF THEY CAN EVER USE IT!

The U. S. newest, *North Carolina*, can fire twelve tons of steel in one salvo. This is five or six times the bomb load of a long-range bomber. And the battlewagon can reload and fire again on the spot without return to home base.

A single battlewagon with adequate air protection could destroy an entire enemy squadron of cruisers and destroyers by blasting them out of action before they ever bring their own guns within range.

There is no more deadly threat to convoys than a battlewagon on the warpath. Germany's *Bismarck* and *Tirpitz* both have sunk dozens of vessels on marauding forays, without danger of reprisal attack by scattered aircraft or depth charges.

Defensively, the battlewagon reigns supreme along open seacoasts such as Canada and Japan's eastern flank, which explains why neither side has yet dared an attack on the other's mainland defenses.

Shelling by battleships is still the most powerful disintegrator of shore defenses, far surpasses bombing as prelude to landing troops.

THE CASE FOR THE BATTLEWAGON

CHIEF function of battlewagons in modern warfare seems to be as big brother with the big punch to back up nifty little destroyers, flashy cruisers and aircraft carriers. But so far, big brother has failed to land many punches, has kept pretty much to home. Unkind critics are even beginning to say big brother has lost his punch, grown overweight from lack of action, is now only a punch-drunk ex-champ.

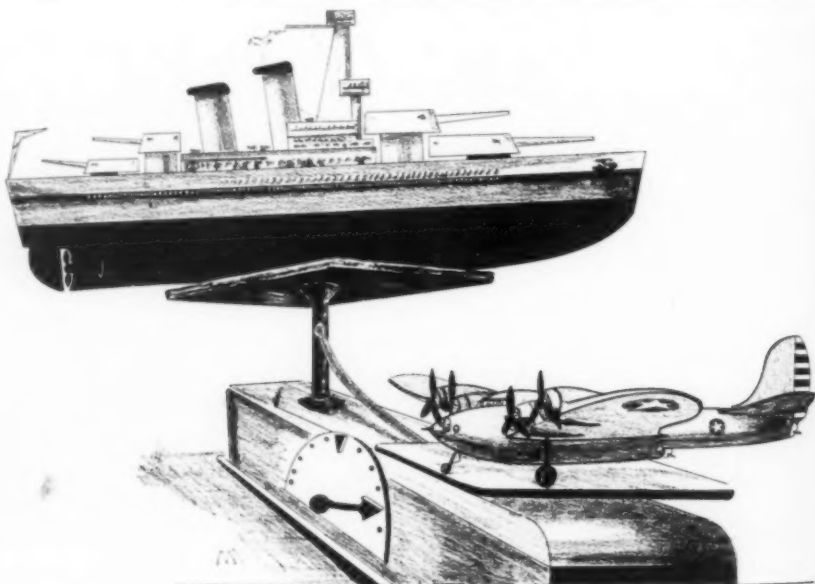
Critics forget that big brother battle-ship is still champ in a dozen corner-lot fights, walks the beat in the world's Hell's Kitchens, keeps hell from popping around a dozen important nations too small to afford big brothers of their own. Tricky Japs well know battlewagon's strength, never risk running up against U. S. sea giants except from ambush, never risk losing their own star performers in futile raids on enemy flanks. They are to be used only as either the irresistible force in a final offensive blow against the U. S. or Russia, or as the immovable object behind which Nippon lies safe from invasion.

Battlewagons have suffered spectacularly in World War II. As the biggest sea-going target, as the greatest prize for sub and torpedo plane heroes, they are hunted down while smaller fry escape. Under constant menace, battlewagons still provide backbone of convoy and defense systems.

Until Dec. 7, no battleship had ever been sunk by bombing. The *Bismarck* had been first crippled by a torpedo, then shelled to her grave. The *Royal Oak* was torpedoed; the French *Bretagne* shelled to uselessness at Oran. Repeated bombing of the German giants *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, in dock at Brest, had failed to do more than slow up repairs. Both ships were able to run the gauntlet of RAF bombing through the English Channel and make port safely. The battlewagon was still supreme although hard-

pressed.

That battlewagons are still masters of the high seas is proved by recent maneuvers by both Axis and Allied forces. Japs withdrew from Indian Ocean when confronted by strong British squadron including two battleships. Control of Mediterranean passed to Allied forces when *North Carolina* and *Washington* were sent as reinforcements. Wave of naval activity always follows movement of the giants: witness recent battle off Norway when Germany's *Tirpitz* went on the loose, the escape of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* when British moved battlewagons away from Home Fleet to guard Mediterranean.



SEA POWER IN THE BALANCE

Aircraft Carrier-New Champ?

AIR POWER ROCKS SEA SLUGGERS WITH HIT AND RUN TACTICS

A GLANCE AT THE RECORD

There were three aircraft carriers in World War I. Today there are an estimated 18 in action; 15 have already been sunk; dozens more are a-building in Japanese, U. S., British shipyards.

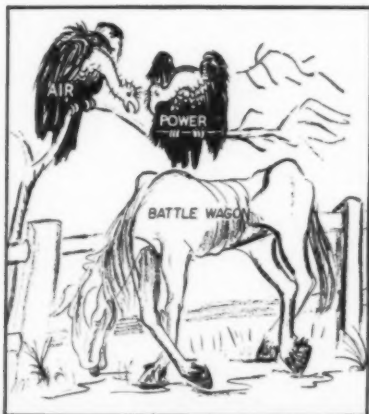
World's air carriers today stack up about as follows:

Japan—6, Britain—5, U. S.—5, Germany—1, Vichy, France—1.

New Congressional appropriation allows for 500,000 tons of new U. S. carriers, smaller, faster than the *Lexington*, probably 30 altogether.

No new battleships are to be started, construction already under way may be halted if materials, manpower run low. New carriers will have priorities.

Present count gives U. S. 5 carriers in action: *Saratoga*, *Enterprise*, *Ranger*, *Wasp*, *Hornet*. *Wasp* was last reported in Mediterranean (safe bet she's not there now); *Yorktown* is laid up for repairs after Midway battle.



The Old Gray Mare, she ain't what she used to be.

First U. S. carrier was 11,000-ton converted collier, *USS Langley*, commissioned in 1922 and lost off Java in 1942.

Saratoga and *Lexington* were battle cruisers converted under Washington Naval Treaty into carriers. First built-for-the-purpose carrier was 14,500-ton *Ranger*, commissioned in 1934. U. S. was years behind Japan in realizing importance of carrier fleet.

Aircraft carriers struck decisive blows at Pearl Harbor, Wake, Java, have scored over unprotected sea units (*Repulse*, *Prince of Wales*), were driven off only by land-based air-power at Ceylon, Coral Sea, Midway.



SEA POWER TODAY MEANS AIR POWER

STRICTLY speaking, there has not been a single naval battle on the grand scale in World War II, at least not in the sense that Trafalgar, Jutland, Manila Bay were naval battles. No rows of dreadnoughts steamed in T formation, their crews at battle stations; there was no maneuvering of squadron against squadron in fateful moves on the ocean's giant chessboard.

Instead it has been a series of cops-and-robbers dashes, necessarily so on the Axis' part, since their dreadnought strength was far inferior to that of the Allies, but soon equally necessary to the Allies, when the British Navy discovered that it would have to do more than get up steam and patrol Axis shores to create an effective blockade.

For the Axis consistently refused to play by the rules of accepted sea strategy. Against England's Grand Fleet they threw everything but massed naval strength: submarines, mines, torpedo planes, E boats. Like a pack of hungry wolves attacking a herd of buffalo, the German raiders harried the ordered British ranks, falling with deadly swiftness upon any vessel which ventured forth unprotected. The British found themselves not the hunters, but the hunted.

But Britannia still ruled the waves until the Nazis' blitz invasion of Norway. It was in this campaign that sea power suffered its first indicative defeat. Not only was air troop transport first tested here on a large scale, but air attack on naval formations assumed a scale which served notice that a new day was dawning in naval strategy. As clearly as the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac sounded the death knell of the wooden ship era, the invasion of Norway struck the first note of doom for the battleship-heavy cruiser age. They may never become as extinct as the dinosaurs, but they

must evolve rapid and radical changes in design if they are to survive in today's fierce naval strife, which is no longer merely two-, but is now three-dimensional.

In the Norway campaign, the surprised British sent every available cruiser and destroyer within reach to head off the invasion fleet. They knew the Nazi navy lacked the power to protect a full-strength landing effort. Confidently they steamed toward the Norwegian Coast to blast the invaders' transports to bits.

But they had reckoned without the newest Nazi naval weapon—land-based sea-going planes. Woefully weak themselves in air protection, the British fleet was attacked by swarms of bombers, torpedo planes, dive bombers. In the narrow waters of the Norwegian coast, with its miles of hidden harbors accessible to small landing craft, but fatal to a full-sized naval unit, the German Luftwaffe cut the British force to pieces, disposed of destroyers and cruisers almost at will. Sea power alone was no longer enough.

The Japanese warlords smiled broadly at this practical demonstration of their naval theories, and happily set to work building a new flock of aircraft carriers, reinforcing their island bases in the Pacific, and working their torpedo plane factories overtime.

The British were not quite so quick to catch on. But they were quicker than the Italians (who had staked their all on submarines). In the bombings of Matapan and Brindisi, the air arm of the British Mediterranean Fleet practically knocked out all Italian dreadnought strength for the duration. Here again, air power, catching sea power in narrow waters, proved unquestioned superiority.

A navy without air power today would be a football team without a backfield, just as a navy without battleships would be a team without a line.

AT EASE!



BIGGEST smash hit in the movie world for years is "Mrs. Miniver," story of a typical British family taking the war in stride. Although we don't think that lovely redhead, Greer Garson, is any more typically British than the Suez Canal, we'll have to admit she gives out plenty of good reasons for winning the war. There's not a battle scene in it, but "Mrs. Miniver" packs a more potent propaganda punch than "Eagle Squadron" or "Target for Tonight."

Anent "Mrs. Miniver's" appeal, the American author, Pearl Buck ("The Good Earth," "Dragon Seed"), recently came out with a somewhat bitter complaint that there were few American movies which gave as accurate and moving a picture of American family life as "Mrs. M." does for the British. Come to think of it, there aren't very many which show life as it is lived in your home town. No wonder both our friends and foes find it hard to understand or believe us, when their ideas of the U.S.A. are formed through Hollywood's pictures of us as a nation of tough gangsters, crackpot comedians, glamour boys and girls, two-gun Petes. It was funny before the war, but it ain't funny now, McGee, when mutual understanding among the Allies is a life-or-death matter to the United armies. Hollywood sure missed the boat on its best chance to aid the nation's war effort when it turned out stinkers like "Remember Pearl Harbor," "Pacific Blackout," in a misguided rash of patriotism.



"The General gave the whole outfit overnight liberty before he found the night is six months long."



Cooper . . . Yankees' Pride

We'll leave it to you. What pictures have come out in the last few years that you felt did give you a true impression of life in your country today, the way of living you're in there fighting to preserve? You'll probably think right away of "Sergeant York" and "Joe Smith, American." And there were "Our Town" and "Alicia Adams," "One Foot in Heaven" and "Mr. Deeds." But are there any others, except those bitterly criticizing our society's faults: "Citizen Kane," "Grapes of Wrath," "They Won't Forget?"

Both British and Latin American goodwill coordinators are at present in Hollywood trying to take home to their peoples a decent, fair picture of American life. What would you suggest for them, besides the ones mentioned above? Did you ever see your home town in a Hollywood picture? Write in and give us your list of the ten best representative American pictures—we'll give you the composite results next month.

There are a couple of dandies coming up which you'll want to put on this, or any list, of 10 best American movies. They're the life stories of two great typical Americans, played by two great American stars: Gary the Coop as Lou Gehrig in "Pride of the Yankees," and Cagney the Mick as George M. Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Don't miss.

Incidentally, "Pride of the Yankees" breaks a long-standing Hollywood jinx on baseball pictures—first movie based on that sport to click at the box-office. And don't believe all that dope about Lefty O'Doul teaching Cooper to play lefty. It was all done by trick photography: Cooper played third base instead of first, threw righty, teammates played lefty, all the base running went from third to first. Even label on his uniform was printed backwards, as were signs in background. Then they just reversed the film, and bingo! There was Cooper playing lefty.

Advance notices are that the new Clark Gable-Lana Turner opus, "Some Day I'll Find You," has its points. It finishes with a bang-up "bust-up" on Bataan—and the come-back even hotter than the come-ons. After this one you can cool off with MGM's latest sea-going musical, "Panama Hattie," and catch Hollywood's latest version of Navy life with Virginia O'Brien, the refrigerator-pan singer.

If movies aren't your treatment for barracks fever, and you want the real low-down on what's happening over in that vital Mediterranean sector, there are three books you won't want to miss. "Mediterranean Front," by Alan Moorhead, is a vivid picture by a crack reporter who went through both desert and sea action with the British forces. There's not too much "summary and discussion of world trends" in this one, plenty of straight dope, and a magnificent write-up of the capture of Crete on pp. 250-271. You'll know a lot more about Nazi parachute and glider tactics by the time you come out of it.

"Agent in Italy" gives inside tips on what's really going on behind Mussolini's pothelly, as well as an exciting account of spy and Gestapo methods. And if you get fed up with propaganda and reporting, there's "Immortal Sergeant" by John Brophy. Horrible title, but a swell story about a lost British patrol, and a boot corporal who learned soldiering the hard way.

Ambitious non-coms who have no time for fiction, fantasy, or foreign facts, will want to get copies of "The First Sergeant's Handbook," which as the Commandant says "represents a tremendous amount of experience and knowledge possessed only by an old Marine." Recently revised and brought up to date, it covers far more than just the clerical field, settles many questions unanswered in the Marine Handbook, is a "must" for the younger non-com anxious for promotion. Should be on sale at your PX.



Cagney . . . Yankee Doodle



Sick Indian

BY FRANK TOLBERT

SERGEANT MCSHEA was glad to accept the Gunner's invitation to make the rounds of the night clubs.

"I'll be pleased to go, Gunny, sir," he said.

The Sergeant was troubled and in need of some good professional advice. The young drill instructor had a platoon of boots in their second week on schedule at the recruit depot, and the boys were giving McShea more grief than any bunch he'd ever handled before.

"Those recruiting sergeants must have cleaned out all the reform schools," grumbled the Sergeant. "I feel like the mamma of the Katzenjammer Kids, only multiplied by 32."

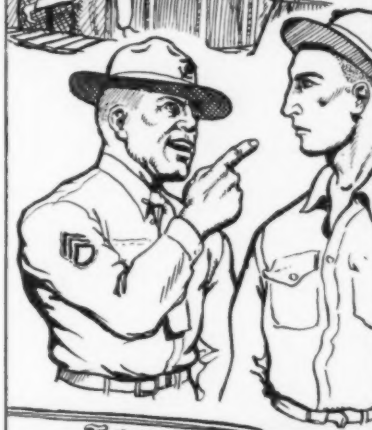
The Gunner had just returned from six months' duty in the Pacific, and he was carrying a bit of shrapnel in his shoulder. The Navy surgeons said a delicate operation was necessary. So the Marine Gunner would be ashore for a month or more.

"My Fi-Fi will accompany us," said the Gunner to McShea. "I will get you a date with her room-mate, if you wish—a nice looking girl with good legs."

"No," answered the Sergeant, "never mind."

The Sergeant thought: "I suppose that Fi-Fi will quit running around with the Chief from the Destroyer Base as long as the Gunner is back home."

(Continued on next page)



Anyway, he met them in the lobby of the General Grant Hotel. The Gunner's Fi-Fi was named Gwendolynne (that's the way she spelled it). She greeted McShea in long-time-no-see fashion, just as if she hadn't bumped into him on the dance floor at the College Inn a few nights before.

They went from slop shoot to slop shoot. The Gunner didn't drink. Most of the places were crowded with Marines, sailors, soldiers and aircraft workers. But the Gunner liked the crowds and the noises and the smells. For six months he had seen nothing but a few other Marines and a few sailors and lots of not-very-friendly natives and lots of very unfriendly Japanese.

"Japs are very pretty people," commented the Gunner, "when you look at them over a battle sight or through a peep."

Gwendolynne got tired of walking. So they secured in one of the night clubs. The Gunner ordered a glass of butter-milk. And he ordered a mint julep for Gwendolynne and a Ramos fizz for the Sergeant, without inquiring what they wanted. The Gunner was like that.

"Herman orders me juleps because I'm from Horse Cave, Kentucky," said Gwendolynne. "I don't really like them."

"Yeh, I know," replied the Sergeant. "I was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, so he thinks a Ramos fizz would be appropriate for me."

The Gunner's girl gulped her drink without using the straws. And then she went to the powder room to police up a bit.

The Sergeant hastened to consult the older man about his troublesome platoon. The Gunner had been a famous D.I. a few years back.

"None of my boys are actually tough to handle," explained the Sergeant, "but they seem to try to do the wrong things at the wrong times. The more I get on them, the more they disgrace me. The Colonel was watching us the other day, and two of the boys fell down when I called them to attention suddenly."

"I," said the Gunner, "don't believe in decking a boy. But the old punishments are still the best. When I was in Boot Camp I had to sleep with five rifles for a

week. This was for dropping my rifle. I've never dropped a rifle since. Then I had to hoist my shooting iron 200 times up-and-on-shoulders for a bit of negligence on military courtesy. I never forgot again. The old punishments worked on everyone I ever saw, except a few utter fools and one boy who was no fool, the Sick Indian."

"The Sick Indian?" repeated the Sergeant. "Who was he, some guy who got a medical survey?"

"He never got no survey," replied the Gunner. "Here comes my Fi-Fi. She does not like to hear Marine shop talk. I'll tell you about the Sick Indian after we take her home. Then, maybe, you will not feel so worried over those pages of yours."

SHADES OF CHARLEY!

They took Gwendolynne home about 1 o'clock. And then they went to a place called The Hawaiian Hut. The floor show had some girls who did a kind of hula-hula in grass skirts which looked as if they were made out of Johnson grass.

"This is a good place to talk about the Sick Indian," said the Gunner. "Whenever I see a bunch of Fi-Fis doing the hula-hula, I think about the Sick Indian. He joined the Marines so he could see gals in grass skirts. And I think about how disappointed he would have been if he had been assigned to duty on Takutsi Island with me for the last six months."

The Gunner ordered a glass of butter-milk for himself and a straight Scotch for the Sergeant.

"I reckon," thought McShea, "that I am getting this Scotch because the Gunny thinks I've got a Scotch name. I'd better not let him know I have a Spanish uncle or he will order me a bottle of Berre Tiaga."

"This guy," said the Gunner, speaking of the Sick Indian, "started out as if he were going to be another deserter like Marine Charley in Nicaragua. Only, you know, there was some excuse for Marine Charley's actions because he was so much in love with this Nicaraguan gal that he hardly knew when he transferred from the Corps to the Gook army. Anyway, the Gooks made him a brigadier general, and Marine Charley was only a Pfc. But that

ain't here nor there. We're talking about the Sick Indian. His real name was Oscar Tall Horse."

Unlike Marine Charley, the Sick Indian probably had desertion in his mind when he enlisted and was sworn in at Oklahoma City in the Spring of 1939.

It was agreed by all hands, said the Gunner, that Oscar was one of the ornieriest characters ever to graduate from the San Diego Boot Camp.

Private Tall Horse was listed as a deserter or straggler before he ever reached the recruit depot. He left Oklahoma City with a large party of new men. There was a two-hour stopover in Los Angeles. Tall Horse got into a fight with three sailors. During the scuffling it happened that Tall Horse tossed one of the gobs through a plate glass window. The sailor wasn't hurt five cents' worth. But Oscar got ten days in the Los Angeles jail.

When Oscar finally showed up in San Diego, the Colonel must have been in a mellow mood. For Tall Horse got only a few days in the brig and 15 days' extra police duty. Still, E.P.D. can be pretty tough in Boot Camp's overcrowded schedule.

He was named the Sick Indian right off, though he was as healthful as a mountain goat and considerably stronger.

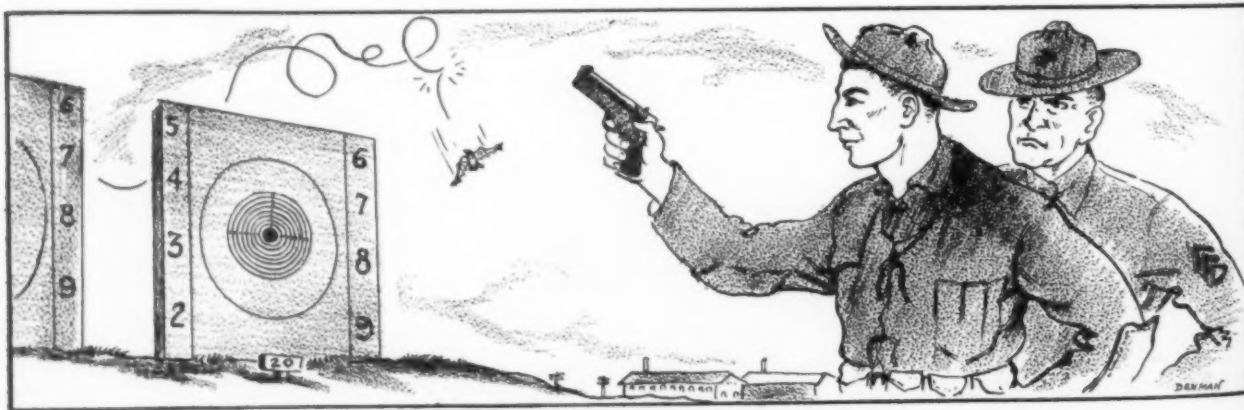
"Them sailors over at Sick Bay give Oscar his name," explained the Gunner. "Almost every morning he showed up with such ailments as ringing in the ears, spots before the eyes, pains in the back and chest and the like. He would complain something awful, and I would let him go to Sick Bay just so I wouldn't have to hear his bellowing. Going to Sick Bay got him out of a lot of calisthenics under arms and a lot of drill."

The Gunner, who had been a platoon sergeant when the Sick Indian was a boot, got plenty mad the first time formal rifle inspection was held for Oscar and the rest.

A FIGHTIN' FAMILY

Tall Horse came up to a smart inspection arms. But when the Gunner grabbed for the rifle to look it over, Oscar held on tightly. And the instructor lost a finger-nail.

"I couldn't find a speck of grime on



Sick Indian shot a bull bat instead of firing at the target, and the Sergeant was all for securing him in the brig.

that piece," said the Gunner, "or I would have secured Oscar in the brig."

Tall Horse was six feet, two inches in height, and he weighed 205 pounds. He had played a lot of halfback for a college in Oklahoma.

"But I could not get along with the coach," explained the Sick Indian. "He was always picking on me. He was a mean fellow."

And then he showed some newspaper clippings. These had gotten pretty dim, as Tall Horse carried them around in his dungarees. But it seemed that Oscar had tossed the coach through a window into the dean of women's office. The coach's throat was cut by some glass. It looked for a while as if Oscar might be up for manslaughter. But the coach recovered from his wounds and he did not press charges against the boy.

"Why did you join the Marine Corps, Sick Indian," asked the Gunner.

"Aw," replied Tall Horse, "I like the uniforms tolerably well. Besides I had never seen any oceans, and I figured if Marines didn't get to see lots of ocean nobody would. Also, I figured I would go over the hill if I got tired of things, and maybe settle down on one of these here South Sea islands where a bunch of Dorothy Lamour-looking gals are running around with nothing much on but some grass."

"You're a shack up guy, huh?" said the Gunner. "That would be like Marine Charley."

"Besides," added the Sick Indian, "I joined the Marines in order to do some fighting. But if there is not much scrapping I am going to resign and settle down on a desert island. All of my family has done right smart fighting when they got hepped up."

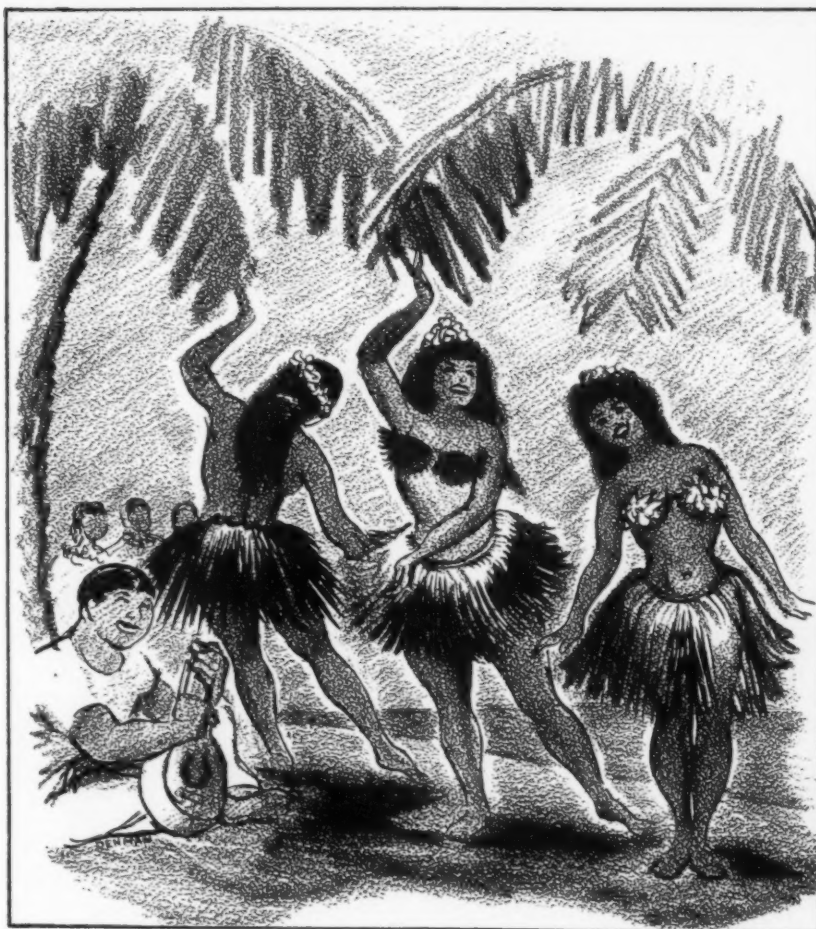
It seems that Oscar's mamma was a full-blooded Kiowa. Oscar's folks were very active in hazing the white settlers of the Texas Panhandle as late as the 1870's. Papa Tall Horse was one-half Kiowa and for the rest old Texas stock. And one of Papa Tall Horse's grand uncles had been killed in the Alamo during the Texas revolution.

This sort of talk makes it sound as if Private Tall Horse talked an awful lot. But, really, this was all the Gunner ever learned about the boy during all of Tall Horse's weeks at the recruit depot.

"I never spoke to Sick Indian much, because I was so mad at him most of the time. He gave me the roughest ten weeks I've ever had, and that includes France, Nicaragua, China, Midway and Takutsi. I've handled rougher and meaner men than the Sick Indian, but never none so provoking. Ornerly. That was the word for him."

One night, an hour or so after taps, Tall Horse crawled from his sack, borrowed an instructor's whistle and went among the platoons in the area, holding reveille. He didn't bother his own platoon. And he moved so swiftly from tent to tent that he was back in his bunk before enraged drill instructors started a search for the offender.

Another time, just before a Colonel's inspection, Sick Indian managed to fix



"When I see a bunch of Fi-Fis doing the hula-hula, I think of Sick Indian."

the cutoffs on the rifles of an entire squad so that the bolts came out when the boys executed inspection arms. One of the victims, a huge youth from Kansas City, got pretty angry. He and Oscar were having a sweat-neck argument in the company street. The Gunner told them to go down back of the head and settle the matter. Ten minutes later, the instructor had to pry Sick Indian loose from a vicious headlock on the Kansas City boy, else Tall Horse would have faced a real manslaughter charge.

Tiring of close order and extended order drill, Sick Indian would manage to get in the Base Dispensary at regular intervals. He'd have occasional fevers. And the Gunner learned later that the Indian boy would eat a half bar of laundry soap in order to make his temperature rise just before a visit to Sick Bay. He'd never stay at the Dispensary for more than overnight. But, during his short visits, he managed to make himself the despair of all the attendants.

One night he borrowed a Corpsman's uniform and liberty card and went ashore. Luck was with him, as usual. He wasn't caught. But, boldly, he showed to the boys in his tent pictures of himself in the sailor's outfit sitting in a night club with a tall, blonde girl in his lap. The other

kids were disgusted with him for masquerading as a sailor. But they were afraid to say anything to the truculent Kiowa.

The Gunner heard about it. He said to Oscar:

"You, Private Tall Horse, should have joined the Navy. You stay with the Corpsman most of the time down at Sick Bay or in the Dispensary. Come back in 30 minutes. I will think of some crummy E.P.D. for you to do."

It was at the rifle range, during his final weeks of recruit training, that Tall Horse gave the most trouble.

He strung wire across the company street, and the Gunner, coming in late at night from liberty, fell over the wire and hurt his ankle badly.

A big Polish corporal, a sergeant from Texas, and a Mexican private first class were coaches for this platoon at the school range. So Tall Horse was cursed in Polish, Spanish and Texas. He didn't like snapping in and he told his instructors so, but his positions were rather good. Once he fell into a very steady prone position and went sound asleep.

After the real firing started, the big Kiowa got more enthusiastic.

Oscar shot expert all week with the

(Continued on page 71)

SPORTS



HE HAS
TROUBLE
WITH
MANAGERS
WHO WILL
NOT LET
HIM HURL
BOTH ENDS
OF
DOUBLE
HEADERS.

RAY STARR!
CINCINNATI REDS
36 YEAR OLD
PITCHING ACE-
THROWS A 10
POUND SHOT-
PUT FOR
AN HOUR
OR SO
EVERYDAY,
TO KEEP
HIS ARM
IN SHAPE.

The Real Iron Man

MR. RAY STARR of the Cincinnati Reds holds a bemused contempt for those prominent pitchers who "baby" their throwing arms.

Ray believes that the thing to keep a salary whip in shape is a lot of work. Mr. Starr has been throwing things, including the furniture when he gets mad, ever since he was a papoose in Nowata, Okla., and he has never had a sore arm yet.

Ray often gets into violent disagreements with managers who refuse to let him hurl both ends of doubleheaders. In fact, Mr. Starr has disagreed with managers so often that his baseball career has been slowed considerably. Perhaps, this explains why Starr, a really first-rate pitcher, is just now achieving real success in the majors after 16 years of trying.

Cincinnati sports writers, evidently not a very observing lot, explain the 36-year-old Oklahoman's recent victories by saying that he has acquired a lot of new "stuff" since the recent seasons when he was achieving hot-and-cold results in the minors. The Cincinnati scribes also mention some mumbo-jumbo about the fine control of his curve ball that Ray has acquired, and they suggest that he has come up with a new pitch, a well-controlled knuckle ball.

This is nonsense. For Ray had almost the same ammunition ten years ago when he was called up for Spring training with the St. Louis Cards, the same year that Dizzy and Paul Dean joined the club. Starr complains that Manager Frank Frisch had him chasing fungoes so much that he was too tired to pitch. Anyway, Starr and Frankie didn't get along, and the tall pitcher was sent to Rochester.

This year, thus far, Ray has won 12 games for the Reds while losing only three. He's not particularly happy. He'd like to appear in more games. Recently, he blanked the Pittsburgh Pirates after only two days rest. He talks Manager Bill McKechnie into pitching him "out of turn," whenever an opportunity appears.

During his minor league career, Ray pitched both ends of 27 doubleheaders, winning the majority of these games. Starr was happiest in 1939 when he played with Fort Worth of the Texas League. Fort Worth had a rather small hurling staff, but the club managed to win the Dixie championship with Starr pitching almost every other day. He won 18 games and lost seven that season, and he should have been sent up to the majors.

Why does Starr seem to get better as he gets older? The puzzled Cincinnati sports writers might look in Ray's backyard sometime and find out. If Ray's at home and not otherwise occupied, it's

THE LEATHERNECK



Yes, we got her from Detroit for two outfielders and a pitcher."

likely they'll discover him tossing about a 10-pound "home-made" shotput.

Ray has been tossing this shotput ever since he started in baseball with the Danville aggregation of the Three Eye League, way back in 1926. Starr credits the shotput with keeping his powerful throwing arm in perfect shape all of these years.

Starr got his big league chance last season by winning 20 games for the Indianapolis club of the American Association. Ray was transferred to the Reds late last season. He appeared in seven games, won three and was charged with two defeats. Nothing sensational. But this year, Ray has been one of THE pitchers in the National League.

Some day, when he's an old gray-haired guy, Starr's going to "retire" from baseball. He's saving his money so he can buy himself a baseball club. Then he'll fire all the pitchers and hurl every day himself.

LOUIS VS. A GUERRILLA?

The man who might be Joe Louis' next ring opponent is now creeping around behind German lines on the Russian front. He is Nicolai Korolev, a giant Red Army man, who is sent out on frequent guerilla raids. Korolev keeps in shape breaking the necks of Nazi sentries.

Before Germany's invasion of Russia, Korolev won the heavyweight championship of the Soviet. Nicolai is 26 years old, weighs 210 pounds and is said to possess a stunning punch. He probably lacks the finesse of U. S. fighters. Korolev said he would like to train under American handlers for a little before he tackles Joe after the war.

Last January, Nicolai and some other Red soldiers were crouched in a snow pit near the German lines, listening to a news broadcast. It was announced that Louis had joined the American army. Korolev stood up, with the snow falling about him, and drank a toast to Joe.

PESKY, THE SCHOLAR

When the Boston Red Sox were in Washington to play the Senators last week, we noticed Shortstop Johnny Pesky totin' books around with him. He studies almost every spare moment, even

in the clubhouse. Manager Joe Cronin explained:

"Those are algebra and geometry books Pesky is carrying around with him all the time."

The brilliant Sox shortstop has enlisted in the Navy air service. He's expecting to be called soon. He has hired a tutor to give him a refresher course in mathematics, and he's studying very hard.

Pesky's one of the favorite players of Washington Marines. His speed afield is something very inspiring, and we nominate him as the best shortstop in the American League, even though the All-Star game selectors didn't pick Johnny. At this writing, Johnny is leading the Sox in hits, is batting .339, and has provided much of the impetus for the on-rushing Boston club. The Sox have made 95 double plays thus far this season as compared with 139 for the entire season last year, and Pesky has either started or taken part of the majority of them.

After he was overlooked as All-Star game material, Johnny put on an "I'll Show 'Em" show in Washington and received one of the greatest ovations a visiting player ever received. Despite the fact that Senators were getting beaten, 5-0, the throng of 18,000 arose and applauded the rookie for three of the sweetest shortstopping feats you would care to watch. First he went almost to third and threw out his man, then he went behind second with the same result. On the third play, he raced behind Third Baseman Jim Tabor and made a sensational stop though he did not have time to make the throw to third.

SHOE SHINE BOY

Three years ago, Pesky was a "clubhouse punk" for the Portland Beavers of the Pacific Coast League. There his duties included shining shoes for the home and visiting clubs. Bobby Doerr,



Korolev . . . After the Nazis he wants Joe. (Story in Col. 1.)



"When you report to the Dallas manager give him this jackknife. It's part of the trade."

now Pesky's partner in the Sox keystone combination; Lou Finney, outfielder of the Sox; Bob Johnson of the A's and many other players now in the American League were among those who received the attention of Johnny's shoe brush.

One day, Jack Wilson, former Red Sox pitcher and a resident of Portland, saw the kid perform in a high school game, notified Manager Joe Cronin, and Pesky was brought into the Red Sox fold. One year with a semi-pro team and Johnny was sent to Rocky Mount in the Piedmont League. He was a sensation from the start, batting .325 and leading the league defensively. Last year, he was promoted to Louisville in the American Association, a Class AA team. There were those who were skeptical about his ability to make the grade in such fast company. It was quite a jump from Class B to Class AA. But Johnny stepped in, batted .325 again and was chosen the Most Valuable Player in the League, quite an honor for a kid of 21.

FIVE LEADING BATTERS

American League

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	Pct.
Gordon, New York	82	302	39	104	.344
Williams, Boston	85	292	75	99	.339
Doerr, Boston	77	303	38	101	.333
Fleming, Cleveland	89	317	47	103	.325
Spence, Washington	87	346	55	112	.324

National League

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	Pct.
Reiser, Brooklyn	72	279	58	101	.362
Medwick, Brooklyn	78	300	42	101	.337
Lombardi, Boston	66	187	21	62	.332
Musial, St. Louis	68	227	49	73	.322
W. Cooper, St. Louis	61	207	30	63	.304

Home runs

American League—Williams, Red Sox, 19; Laabs, Browns, 15; York, Tigers, 14. National League — Mize, Giants, 15; Ott, Giants, 12; Camilli, Dodgers, 12.

Runs Batted in

American League—Williams, Red Sox, 87; Doerr, Red Sox, 61; DiMaggio, Yankees, 60. National League—Mize, Giants, 67; Medwick, Dodgers, 60; Elliott, Pirates 56; F. McCormick, Reds, 56.

SERVICE PAY SCHEDULES

Following is an official comparison of service pay before June 16, 1942, and the schedules now in force under the new law:

OLD RATES OF PAY AND ALLOWANCES					
Officers					
Grade:	Base	Longevity	Rental	Subsistence	Total
Major general	\$8,000	-----	\$1,262	\$252	\$9,700
Brigadier general	6,000	-----	1,062	252	7,500
Colonel	4,000	\$1,480	1,279	252	7,190
Lieutenant colonel	3,500	945	1,416	252	6,493
Major	3,000	495	1,181	252	5,315
Captain	2,400	144	893	252	3,869
First lieutenant	2,000	95	583	252	3,074
Second lieutenant	1,500	-----	360	252	2,079
Personal allowances:					
Chief of Staff					2,300
Lieutenant generals (commanding generals of each of the 4 armies and of the Hawaiian and Panama Canal Departments)					500
Aides:					
To major general					200
To brigadier general					150

NEW RATES UNDER ACT OF JUNE 16, 1942					
Officers					
Grade:	Base	Longevity	Rental	Subsistence	Total
Major general	\$8,000		\$1,260	252	\$9,512
Brigadier general	6,000		1,260	252	7,512
Colonel	4,000	\$1,570	1,260	252	7,082
Lieutenant colonel	3,500	1,015	1,260	252	6,027
Major	3,000	600	800	252	4,652
Captain	2,400	228	800	252	3,680
First lieutenant	2,000	180	720	252	3,152
Second lieutenant	1,800		540	252	2,592
Personal allowances:					
Chief of Staff and generals					2,200
Lieutenant generals (all lieutenant generals)					500
Aides:					
To major general					200
To brigadier general					150

OLD RATES					
Warrant Officers					
Grade:	Base	Longevity	Rental	Subsistence	Total
Master, Army M. P. Serv.	\$2,220	\$555	\$720	\$252	\$3,933
Chief warrant officer	2,100	525	720	252	3,783
Warrant officer (jg)	1,776	266	480	252	2,741

NEW RATES					
Warrant Officers					
Grade:	Base	Longevity	Rental	Subsistence	Total
Chief warrant officer	\$2,100	\$840	\$720	\$252	\$3,912
Warrant officer	1,800	360	540	252	2,952

OLD RATES				
Enlisted Men				
Grade:	Base pay	Longevity		Total
1	\$1,512	\$117		\$1,629
2	1,008	72		1,080
3	864	36		900
4	720	17		737
5	648	9		657
6	432	-----		432
7	324	-----		324

NEW RATES				
Enlisted Men				
Grade:	Base pay	Longevity		Total
1	\$1,656	\$231		\$1,887
2	1,368	195		1,563
3	1,152	43		1,195
4	936	25		961
5	792	12		804
6	648	-----		648
7	600	-----		600

OLD RATES	
Nurses	
Pay:	
First 3 years	\$ 840.00
Over 3 to 6 years	1,080.00
Over 6 to 9 years	1,380.00
Over 9 years	1,560.00
Additional:	
Superintendent	2,500.00
Assistant superintendent, director, and assistant director	1,500.00
Chief nurse	600.00
Allowances:	
Rental	480.00
Subsistence	219.00

NEW RATES	
Nurses	
Pay:	
First 3 years	\$1,080.00
Over 3 to 6 years	1,260.00
Over 6 to 9 years	1,440.00
Over 9 to 12 years	1,620.00
Over 12 years	1,800.00
Additional:	
Superintendent	2,500.00
Assistant superintendent, director, and assistant director	1,500.00
Chief nurse	600.00
Allowances:	
Rental	540.00
Subsistence	255.50

The Dependency

BY LT. COL. M. B. CURTIS
U.S.M.C., Hqs.

WAR conditions make it necessary, in many instances, to issue orders to Marine Corps personnel for immediate temporary or permanent changes of station without the customary, peacetime, advance notice. Due to the classified nature of orders to duty beyond the seas, an individual may not be given information with respect to his date of departure in sufficient time to afford him the necessary opportunity for thoroughly attending to his personal and family matters.

Accordingly, circumstances of this sort must and should be anticipated. Individuals are strongly advised to take proper measures, in advance, to put their personal affairs in a state of readiness to the end that sudden and unexpected orders will not find them totally unprepared to meet the situation and to provide adequately and wisely for their dependents.

The measures described hereinafter are designed to obviate needless worry, inconvenience, financial difficulty, and distress, and to provide a safe, sound, and reasonable means for effecting that desired result. All Marine Corps personnel is strongly urged to follow these suggestions while absent from this country:

1. **MAKE A WILL:** It has been said that "Nothing is certain but Death and Taxes." As a matter of fact, one can sometimes avoid a tax but death comes to every man. Many officers and enlisted men fail to compose their affairs properly before death, thereby causing their families much trouble, inconvenience, and expense which a little forethought and preparation would avoid.

Every individual should make a will. You don't have to be an expert to make a simple will. The attached form, marked "A," is a short form and can be employed, with slight changes to suit the individual, in most instances. If you have a considerable amount of property to dispose, or if your dispositions are complex, consult an attorney; but pending such consultation, by all means execute a will for emergencies.

2. **EXECUTE A POWER OF ATTORNEY:** A general power of attorney will authorize your attorney-in-fact, named therein, to transact your business and to attend to civil matters for you during your absence. It is not necessary to deliver the document to the attorney-in-fact until the necessity arises, but it should be executed and retained in your possession until that time. The attached form, marked "B," with some variations to cover particular cases, will be legally effective. It should be noted that such a power must be recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Deeds in the county and state wherein real property is situated, if it may involve the sale or transfer of real property. It should further be noted that such a general power

and Pay Bills

of attorney will not authorize your attorney-in-fact to collect money due on checks drawn to your order on the Treasurer of the United States by disbursing officers. The form for such a special power of attorney is furnished in Article 28-39 (6), Marine Corps Manual.

3. PURCHASE GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE OR NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE: The low rates at which this life insurance may be purchased, the strength of the company (U. S. Government), and the certainty that the average officer and enlisted man will require the full amount and more, all point to the great importance of taking full benefit of this opportunity.

Make arrangements for the payment of premiums on all your life insurance, including policies with commercial companies, by means of monthly allotments of your pay. Be certain to secure information as to the exact monthly premium for allotment purposes, particularly in those cases in which the premiums have previously been paid annually, semi-annually or quarterly. Make the proper designations of the beneficiaries of your policies and take advantage of the various settlement options provided in your policies, to the end that the proceeds may be paid to your dependents in the manner you desire and in such a way as to provide for their adequate support.

4. MAKE ADEQUATE ALLOTMENTS: Personnel ordered to duty outside the United States should make adequate provision for the support of dependents. Be sure to allot a sufficient amount of your pay to insure this result without further action on your part. Situations are almost certain to occur in which you will be unable to sign a pay voucher and in which neither you nor the paymaster carrying your account will be able to forward a check, even though you are carried in a pay status. Your allotments will be paid notwithstanding such an occurrence. Make them ample to provide for all contingencies.

5. OPEN A JOINT CHECKING ACCOUNT: Such an account, in the joint name of husband and wife, will vest absolute ownership in the survivor. In the event of the death of either party, the survivor will be able to draw checks against the account. In addition, it provides a means by which the husband can draw against the account, if necessary, during his absence, provided suitable arrangements are made to prevent an overdraft.

When an allotment is made to a joint checking account, the full name of one single person to whose account the monthly allotment checks are to be credited should be entered immediately following the allottee's address upon the allotment cards. Examples:

If for the account of the grantor:
"A/C Richard Smith Brown."

If for the account of a dependent:

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, _____ of _____ being of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding, do make, publish and declare this instrument in writing to be my last will and testament, hereby expressly revoking any and all former wills and codicils by me at any time heretofore made or published.

First. I hereby direct that my Executor/trix hereinafter named, pay and discharge all of my just debts.

Second. All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate of every kind and description, real, personal and mixed, wherever the same may be situated, I give, devise and bequeath unto _____ absolutely and in fee simple.

Lastly. I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint _____ Executor/trix of this, my last will and testament, to serve without bond or surety.

WITNESS my hand and seal this _____ day of _____

Seal.
(Signature)

The foregoing instrument was SIGNED, SEALED, PUBLISHED AND DECLARED by the said Testator, _____, to be his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, in his presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses thereto this _____ day of _____, 194 _____ at _____

Name _____
Address _____

Name _____
Address _____

Name _____
Address _____

SERVICEMEN'S FAMILY ALLOWANCES

Family allowances, in addition to base pay, have been approved by Congress for enlisted men. These allowances can be paid to the dependents of servicemen whose base pay is \$78 a month or less—or from the grade of sergeant or petty officer third class, down. The table below shows in detail how allowances for men in the U. S. armed forces usually will operate:

CLASS A

	Govt. Contrib.	From Soldier's Pay	Total
Wife, no child	\$28	\$22	\$50
Wife, one child	40	22	62
Wife, two children	50	22	72

CLASS B (With No Class A Dependents)

One parent	15	22	37
Two parents	25	22	47
One parent, one sister	20	22	42
One parent, two sisters	25	22	47

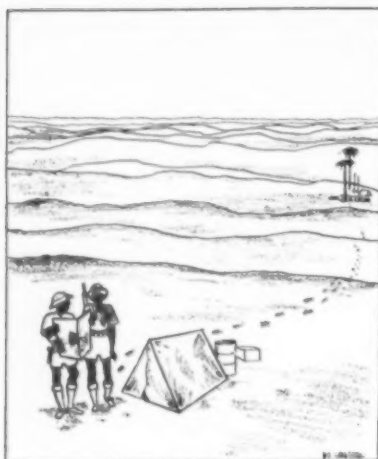
CLASS B (With Class A Dependents)

One parent	15	5	20
Two parents	25	5	30
One parent, one sister	20	5	25
One parent, two sisters	25	5	30

Each child, in addition to one, will receive an additional allowance of \$10 the month.

Allowances to wives and children are compulsory, but payments to other dependents are optional with the service men.

Class B payments also are limited to an aggregate outlay by the Government of \$50 a month.



"LOOK, Joe, \$30 the month now!"

"A/C Mary Jane Brown."

Where there is a previously registered allotment to a joint checking account and it is desired that this allotment be continued, the grantor should execute N.S.A. Form 527 to indicate the purpose of the previously executed allotment, i.e., for the support of a dependent or dependents. This is necessary to insure the continuance of such an allotment in the event that the allottee should be reported missing, captured, or interned.

In the event that the grantor desires to permit the dependent allottee, who may move her residence, to change the allotment from a bank or institution named in the allotment and to have it made payable directly to the dependent, he should execute the form on the reverse side of N.S.A. Form 527. This will make possible the dependent's assurance of receiving the allotment checks, notwithstanding frequent changes in address of the dependent, and it permits the dependent allottee to authorize such change of address without prior reference to the grantor.

6. JOINT PROPERTY OWNERSHIP: It is believed to be advisable, in most cases, for husband and wife to hold title to property jointly, with right of survivorship, in order to eliminate the difficulties, delays, and expense of probate. If all property of husband and wife is properly titled in this manner, it may eliminate the necessity for actually filing and probating your will. However, in this connection, you should consult competent legal counsel at once.

7. HAVE YOUR WIFE MAKE A WILL: Often overlooked, this provision is almost as important as the execution of your own will.

8. PURCHASE LIFE INSURANCE ON THE LIFE OF YOUR WIFE: It is highly advisable that a life insurance policy of at least \$1,000, preferably more, be purchased on the life of your wife, naming a relative, friend or trustee as the beneficiary. This will prevent serious inconvenience and embarrassment, in the event that her death should occur while you are absent from the country

or while you are so situated, for any other reason, as to be unable personally to assist your children or your family at that important time.

9. SEND THIS COPY OF THE LEATHERNECK TO YOUR WIFE OR OTHER DEPENDENTS AT ONCE, BEFORE IT SLIPS YOUR MIND.

GENERAL INFORMATION AND SUGGESTIONS FOR RELATIVES OF MARINE CORPS PERSONNEL:

The purpose of this section is to acquaint the relatives of officers and enlisted men on the active list of the U. S. Marine Corps, on the retired list of the

U. S. Marine Corps, in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve (Classes I (b), (c), and (d)), and in other classes of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty, with certain benefits, such as reimbursement for funeral expenses, pensions, death gratuity, and accrued pay due at date of death, to which they may become entitled upon the death of officers and enlisted men who die from wounds or disease not the result of their own misconduct.

1. Funeral Expenses, Government Headstone, Pension: In the event the deceased officer is not interred in a national or naval cemetery (all expenses in connection with such burial being borne by the Government of the United States),

GENERAL POWER OF ATTORNEY

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that I,

domiciled and residing in _____ (Post, City or Town),

_____ (State), and being desirous of appointing an attorney-in-fact to act for me and on my behalf on all matters in which I may have an interest, do hereby nominate, constitute and appoint _____, of

_____ (Post, City or Town), County of _____, State of _____, my true and lawful attorney-in-fact, with full

power to sell, transfer, exchange or otherwise dispose of any of my property, real, personal or mixed and to execute and deliver good and sufficient deeds or other instruments for the conveyance or transfer of the same; to collect, sue, compromise or otherwise dispose of any claim or debt to which I now or hereafter may have an interest; to pay, compromise, or otherwise discharge and secure releases from any obligations or claims against me; to deposit in my name and for my account with any bank, banker, or trust company all moneys which may come to HIS/HER hands as such attorney and all bills of exchange, drafts, checks, promissory notes, and other securities for money payable or belonging to me, and for that purpose to sign my name and indorse the same for deposit or collection, and from time to time withdraw any or all moneys deposited with the aforesaid bank, banker or trust company or any other banking institution having moneys belonging to me, and for the purpose to draw checks thereon in my name as my attorney-in-fact.

FURTHER, I do authorize my aforesaid attorney-in-fact to perform all necessary acts in the execution of the aforesaid authorizations and generally to do any and all acts on my behalf on any other matter or thing pertaining or belonging to me with the same validity as I could effect, if personally present; hereby ratifying and confirming whatsoever my said attorney shall and may do, by virtue hereof, in the premises.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this _____ day of _____, 19____.

Witnessed by _____

_____ (Residing at)

_____ (Residing at)

_____ (Residing at)

_____ Seal.
_____ (Signature)

County of _____

State of _____

} SS:

On this _____ day of _____, 19____ before me personally appeared _____, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the above instrument and who acknowledged the same to be his free act and deed.

Notary Public

My commission expires _____, State of _____ or District of Columbia.

the person who paid the funeral expenses is entitled to reimbursement for certain items of the funeral expenses. The deceased officer or enlisted man is entitled to a Government headstone for his grave, if the cemetery in which interment is made permits its erection. The nearest relative may be entitled to a pension. There is appended hereto a schedule of war time pensions for information and reference.

Procedure: The Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., will furnish the nearest relative with a circular entitled "Information for the Next of Kin" which explains the reimbursement for certain funeral expenses by the Marine Corps. If the deceased officer or enlisted man is survived by a widow, there will be furnished a pension application (Veterans' Administration Form No. 534). This application should be executed and forwarded, together with other evidence and certificates to support the claim to pension, to the Director, Dependents' Claims Section, Veterans' Administration, Washington, D. C. Applications should be filed as soon as possible, since pensions are effective from the DATE OF FILING AND NOT FROM THE DATE OF DEATH. No pension application will be furnished the nearest relative who is not the widow of the deceased; therefore, if a pension is desired and is believed to be payable to a near relative not the widow, that relative should communicate with the Veterans' Administration as soon as possible after notification of the death of the officer or enlisted man has been received.

Procedure: Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., will send an application for death gratuity (Standard Form No. 1057) to the person designated by the deceased officer or enlisted man to receive the gratuity, or to the nearest relative, if no person has been so designated.

Procedure: Upon receipt at Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, of a statement of the pay account of a deceased officer or enlisted man, from the disbursing officer who was handling his account at the date of death, the Paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., will furnish the nearest relative with an applica-



"LOOK, Joe, \$50 the month now!"

tion for arrears of pay due at date of death (Standard Form No. 1055). This application should be executed and forwarded to the General Accounting Office, Claims Division, Washington, D. C. On receipt of the application, that office will determine the person or persons appearing to be legally entitled to the accrued pay and allowances due at date of death.

SOME ADDITIONAL INFORMATION AND SUGGESTIONS TO DEPENDENTS:

1. Government and Commercial Life Insurance: In the event that an officer or enlisted man had purchased Government Life Insurance (including National Service Life Insurance) and commercial life insurance, the beneficiary of such insurance should, upon receipt of notification of death of such an officer or enlisted man, communicate immediately with the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, Veterans' Administration, Washington, D. C., with regard to the Government Insurance, and with the nearest representative of the commercial insurance company, in order to make arrangements for prompt settlement of death claims.

2. Navy Mutual Aid Association: Members of the Navy Mutual Aid Association are, under the rules and regulations of that Association, entitled to certain privileges. When an officer who is a member dies, the Association immediately prepares claims for pensions and Government Insurance. In order that these claims may be filed with the proper officials for settlement as soon as possible, the Association suggests that certain certificates be in its files at all times. In this connection, attention is invited to instructions contained in the Annual Report of the Navy Mutual Aid Association.

3. Settlement of Claims: Due to the fact that a thorough examination and investigation of each claim must be made in order to protect the interests of both the relatives of a deceased officer or enlisted man and the Government of the

United States, the settlement of claims for funeral expenses, death gratuity, pensions, etc., not infrequently require six months or longer. Relatives may be assured, however, that everything possible will be done to expedite the settlement of all claims.

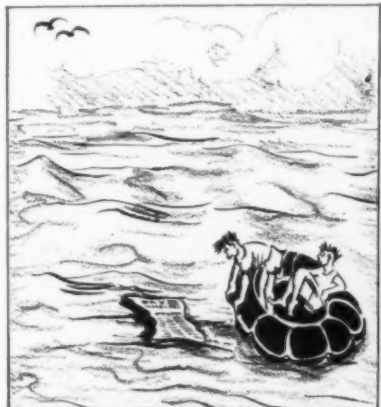
Schedule of War Time Pensions. These amounts of pensions are applicable regardless of rank or length of service of the deceased. Death from aircraft accident does not increase the pension. Widow under 50 years of age, \$30. Widow 50 years to 65 years of age, \$35. Widow over 65 years of age, \$40. Widow with one child, \$10 additional for such child up to ten years of age, increased to \$15 from age 10 (with \$8 for each additional child up to 10 years of age, increased to \$13 from age 10). No widow but one child, \$20. No widow but two children, \$33 (equally divided). No widow but three children, \$46 (equally divided) (with \$8 for each additional child: total amount to be equally divided). Dependent mother or father, \$20 (or both \$15 each).

The total pension payable under this law may not exceed \$75. Where such benefits exceed \$75 the amount of \$75 will be proportioned. Pensions for children are payable to age 18, except that pensions may be continued to age 21 if unmarried and attending school. Pensions to widow are payable for life or until remarriage.

Under certain conditions where the pension claimant has no income from *National Service Life Insurance* or where the amount is \$8 per month or less, the pension allowed in the above table will be increased by the following maximum amounts: (Therefore claimants whose income is from U. S. Government Insurance are entitled to the maximum additional) Widow under 50 years of age, \$8 per month additional. Widow 50 years of age or over \$10 per month additional. As to the widow, child, or children, the total pension payable under this section may not be increased more than \$8 per month. One dependent parent, \$25 per month additional. Two dependent parents, \$10 per month each, additional.



"LOOK, Joe, \$50 the month now!"



"LOOK, Joe, \$50 the month now!"

INTERVIEWS

WE thought we had a great idea this month. Instead of interviewing visiting celebrities or rewriting press releases, which often results in nothing more appetizing than warmed-over hash, we'd do some cooking on the front burner and get the hot dope straight from you LEATHERNECK readers. Sort of an Inquiring Reporter stunt, the question of the hour being: What did you do with your pay raise last month? And the place, Washington's own annex to the local insane asylum—Union Station, which has probably been more occupied by the Marines than any other public building in America, and that's including the Station at San Diego.



CAVITE SERVICE

We caught 60 Marines between trains and put the question to them, expecting to get at least 10 good hot answers starting with a suite at the Ritz, a case of Seagram's, progressing through a bevy of blondes, and ending up in a nice quiet jailbreak. That's what comes of going to the movies for our ideas about the Marine Corps.

There were a few lads—six in all—who shyly owned up to pitching what the class writers call an orgy. But the vast majority of men interviewed—47 to be exact—promptly salted the eagle-manna



NEW RIVER PFC.

away for keeps: either sent it home, put it in the bank, or bought bonds and stamps. Surprise you as much as it did us? From the way things are at our post, we figured there must be an official ruling against money in the bank.

Even more surprising was the fact that ten days after the eagle had screamed, and with furloughs under most of their belts, 26 men still had money left. The only way we could explain running into such a pack of plutocrats was that the rest of the corps couldn't afford to buy a train ticket. In cold statistics, the 60 interviewees broke down into seven main groups:

Nest-egggers (big stamp and bond men from Pennsylvania)

Payer-offers (still dodging the sheriff for allotments and back debts)

Snapper-inners (the tailor-made boys)

Romeos (who put their dough on ice for the little woman)

Chow-hounds

Liberty-dittos

Live stock buyers (purchases included one Powers model and one bull calf)

Among the Romeos, five love-sick lads made down payments on those well-known rings. One Quantico private from Pittsburgh bought a marriage license. Hasn't told the girl yet, he confided; just wants to surprise her.

Another Pfc. had just tried the same thing when he got home on furlough after five months' sea duty. It didn't work for him—his girl had already married a government clerk fresh out of 4-F. Didn't faze the Marine, tho. He met a redhead on his third night's liberty and she was coming down to Norfolk the next week-end.



NORFOLK NON-COM

One sea-going first sergeant paid out his back alimony, while a non-com from Jax went straight to his lawyer and slapped down the retainer fee for his divorce. These men aren't waiting for front-line duty to join the fight for freedom.

Biggest surprise in the whole deal was fact that none of the 60 men interviewed refused an honest answer—not a sore-head or a wise guy in the lot. Wonder if the Army or the Navy could say the same? Needless to say, most of the chow-hounds and snapper-inners were seagoing, the liberty-hounds were from Quantico, and the nest-egggers were in QM school.



SEA-GOING SGT.

model had better luck.

Thanks to 1st Sgt. Arbot Kilpatrick, Pvt. John Kosich, Pfc. Joe Stevenson, Stf. Sgt. Phil Steiner, Cpl. Louis Bref-

feith, Pvt. Michael Markvan and 54 others for their help on this article. Sorry we couldn't get pictures of all of you in time to print. Maybe you West Coast Marines, or on foreign duty, have some of those hot stories we were looking for. Send them in, with pictures if possible. And the rest of you can be thinking up what you'd like to be interviewed on next month, and where, in case we run short of celebrities again.

We really don't need to look around too much for celebrities, for we have one



FMF-ER

right here in the Marine Barracks, at the head of Squad No. 2 in Troop and Inspection every day. Maybe you read his story in *Collier's* for July 18, titled "Virgie Passes Inspection"—right on page 1, too.

Maybe you know some of the Marines described in that story, if you've ever done duty at the Marine Barracks in Washington.

Maybe you know Cpl. Frank X. Tolbert, too—a lot of people from Texas seem to. He's the man who wrote the Boot Camp story for the May issue, the Chinese Army for June, and has just about put out this month's issue single-handed, what with his "Sick Indian," and articles on ordnance, gliders, and sports.

Tex is, in his own words: "Just a retired sports writer whose ambition is to become a really good Marine."



"He picked up that trick in Hoboken, sir."

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Next stop—the tobacco auction. Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Ernest Fiene

Why we paid 24%* more in Kinston, N. C., for fine, mild tobacco like this

TOBACCO is sold at auction, and if you want the finer, milder leaf you've got to pay the price to get it.

Year in and year out, the makers of Luckies pay the price.

For example: In Kinston, N. C., at auctions of the 1939 crop, we paid 24% more—yes, 24% above the average market price—to get the kind of leaf that just naturally makes a finer cigarette.

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in 108 tobacco markets that season. And that 1939 crop, properly aged, mellowed, and blended with other fine crops, is in the Luckies you buy across your retail counter today.

To independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with these men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

They know that in a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts... and the finer, milder leaf is in Luckies. Why not remember that, and act on it, next time you buy cigarettes?

*24% more than the average market price reported by U. S. Department of Agriculture.



With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1



SHEAFFER'S NEW "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY

AS HANDY AS A JACK-KNIFE!

Sheaffer's "TRIUMPH" with its new Sheath-Point comes at the moment when a quick-action ALL-SERVICE writing tool is most welcome. Conceived before war-time, with practically all of its materials of the least critical type, developed for active men and women to carry in shirt, breeches or handbag—it's the perfect way to write, and get letters back . . . which certainly does fit into war needs and morale today! Give and get a "TRIUMPH"! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa, U.S.A.



...and
V-BLACK SKRIP,
to make letters
come through,
both ways!

New V-BLACK SKRIP Photographs Best in the fast, compact new V-Mail system which reproduces letters photographically on micro-film for speedy transmission. See that you and your relatives make the most of sure, fast V-Mail with Sheaffer's V-BLACK SKRIP!

GIST

OF THE MONTH'S NEWS

TRENDS

SAME AS LAST MONTH, ONLY WORSE:

U. S. CITIZENS STILL WISHFULLY THINKING war will be over in a year, wasting rubber, gasoline, metals, fats, alcohol vitally needed in war program. Washington still muddled as to censorship, strategy, rationing, control of prices and working conditions. There'll Be Some Changes Made—as the bad news grows steadily worse.

RUSSIA IN GRAVEST DANGER as Nazis bomb Murmansk into uselessness, cut north-south railroad system, threaten to isolate USSR by blasting both Arctic and Iran supply lines.

CHINA STILL HOLDING OUT, amazingly optimistic, as Chiang's toughies, with almost no new supplies, stave off fierce Jap onslaughts from 5 directions. Plane supply ferry service from India now equals that of old Burma Road.

JAPS MASS IN MANCHUKUO, ready to attack Siberia if Russia cracks on the west.

IN EGYPT, ROMMEL'S AFRIKA CORPS gathers strength for final thrust toward Suez. Troops from all over Mid-East unite to stop threat to Caucasus.

RAF BOMBINGS FALL OFF as bad weather and good new German fighter planes make raids increasingly costly. Allies talk second front, but have yet to make a move, while Russia grows impatient and resentful. Occupied Europe seethes under Gestapo, but lacks strength for open revolt except in Yugoslavia and Greece, where organized guerrillas still hold Nazis at bay.

FRANCE AGAIN APPROACHES DEADLINE over disposal of interned fleet. Odds are against change in status, however, as Madagascar & Martinique incidents proved.

U. S. NAVY STILL STRUGGLING with shipping problem; Axis still sinking 3 ships a day in Atlantic; Japs still building bases on Alaskan territory.

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

The \$4 Question: Is Russia Through?

Reeling from Nazis' eleventh hour drive toward the Caucasus, the Reds are falling back deep into their own territory. But they are moving under their own steam, not being pushed around by a victorious Germany. Nazis are paying dearly in blood, tanks, guns for every mile gained, probably cannot keep campaign at present pitch. Russia, on other hand, is assembling huge reserves of troops, rushing production of vital supplies in vast Ural industrial sector, hundreds of miles behind lines, keeping her strong Siberian forces intact against surprise Jap thrust. Russia looks too big, too determined, too tough (Nazis cannot use ground or towns gained after thorough "scorched earth" methods of guerrilla troops left behind to fight on in isolated pockets) to be whipped this year or any year by present Axis million-man army. Soviets may fall back to five-yard line, but should hold Caucasus against touchdown threat.

The \$8 Question: Can Rommel Take Suez?

Not like Grant took Richmond, even if he tries all summer. Stiffened British resistance at El Alamein looks to have stopped Rommel's greatest try for paydirt. From here on, increased damage by American bombers and warships should wreck Axis supply lines, essential field to watch. Libya campaign has been called "a tactician's paradise but a quartermaster's hell." Only if Axis can keep control of



"I'm afraid there's disheartening news in store for us, sir."

central Mediterranean sea and air (now dominated by Malta), will Rommel have a chance. Even if he reaches Suez, after a tough battle for Alexandria, he will have gained little, for British are prepared to blow up the works, move fleet now based at Alexandria (including interned French ships) to eastern Mediterranean or Red Sea ports, continue to hammer at Rommel supply and front lines from defense positions in Palestine, Syria, Iraq. As in Russia, Axis faces too big a mouthful to be eaten without indigestion.

YOU TALKED HE DIED...



The \$16 Question: Where Is That Second Front?

"Only in the headlines," would be bitter answer of Russia, in grave need of actual invasion front in Europe, to divide Nazi forces. United Command has talked second front for weeks now, is training large AEF and Canadian units in Ireland and England in landing techniques, has appointed a tank General in command of this area. French Channel Coast is on continuous alarm basis, as RAF and Commandos continue raids. But something new must be added—and added quickly, before U-boat campaign breaks up convoys, prevents United Nations from assembling strong enough units to attack. If Russia's need grows greater, we may be forced to attack half-ready (as once before in Norway), may lose the abortive battle, leave Russia in worse fix than before, with all threat to Nazi rear removed. Chances are that if Russia holds, we will not attack; if Russia weakens, here we come, ready or not.

The \$32 Question: What Are the Japs Doing These Days?

Trying to knock out China as a threat to the rear in possible campaigns against Siberia or India (capture of Shanghai-Changsha railway would give strong supply lines).

Fixing their battered navy, in dozens of island repair shops, preparatory to launching another attack force against Russia, Alaska, Australia, West Coast. Jap subs are active in Indian Ocean, Jap plane raids on Darwin and New Guinea have increased although United Nations still hold edge. Stand by for a ram from Hon. Hari-Kari sometime in August heat.

The \$64 Question: What Goes On In Alaska?

Your guess is as good as ours. Japs are certainly not playing GO to kill time on Attu, Kiska, Agattu. Biggest potential danger to U. S. is biggest hush-hush even to Alaskans. Somebody ought to be told.



FACE IN THE FOG

Japs kept face by continuing to occupy U. S. territory: Attu, Kiska, Agattu islands in Aleutians. Bombers from Dutch Harbor raided Jap installations on 4 clear days of the month, scored hits on ships, radio shacks, temporary hangars, did little to dislodge Nips from potent spearhead for direct attack on West Coast.

The other 27 days, subs sneaked through fog, got in at least 5 good hits on a Jap cruiser and 3 destroyers.

More than stormy weather shrouded operations in the North Pacific. Both Tokyo and Washington kept mum on who was

poised on the end of the world's most strategic springboard, which way the jump would be. Japs may be merely neutralizing Aleutians as U. S. invasion bases. But past performance indicates they are building landing fields, sub shelters for flank attacks on either Russia or Canada. They've had two months now: time for something to pop within next few weeks.

Slow leaks in censorship air cushion hint that action in Alaska has been heavier than public suspects. Attack on Aleutians may have been real aim of combined Midway-Attu raid in June, with Midway diversion to draw off most of defending forces.

ALASKA: WORLD AIR CENTER

Gen. Billy Mitchell called Alaska the most valuable strategic territory on the globe. This polar azimuthal map shows why. Actual flying distances, foreshortened near the Pole, put Fairbanks only 15 bomber-hours from New York, Pearl Harbor, Tokyo, 18 hours from Moscow, London, Berlin, 20 hours from Chungking. Believe it or not, the shortest direct supply route to both China and Russia passes through Dutch Harbor. So does the most direct bomber path to Tokyo. Experts have long suspected that FDR's Shangri-La, from which Doolittle did his famous raid on Tokyo, may be some-



where in Alaska. The Japs figure the same way, hence their anxiety to move in on the Aleutians, be prepared against another surprise party.

If Alaska were developed as an air ferry or bomber base, half the supply problems of the war would be solved. Just how much progress has been made in this region along those lines is a closely guarded military secret. But if the war lasts long enough, Alaska may well become the air center of the world, as well as the site of an intercontinental highway, crossing frozen Bering Strait to Siberia over a 50-mile bridge.

THE FOG OF CENSORSHIP

Pressmen shouted hallelujah when FDR appointed Elmer Davis head of govt. information. An experienced, diplomatic, non-partisan reporter and commentator, he seemed like the answer to the public's prayer for straight dope on the Washington, Pacific, Caribbean fronts. But as weeks wore on, and Sec.'s Stimson and Knox gave him little help, the Amen corner stopped shouting and started praying for light again.

Survivors from Bataan and Burma, returning to this country, are shocked by the unconcern, softness, and misinformation of the American public. From days and nights of fevered hell, where American boys grinned back at screaming death, these homecomers returned to a summer land of business, bickering, baseball and bacardis as usual. Was it for this, they ask bitterly, that our men died in writhing agony or were captured with tears of shame?

Partly, it was. The boys were glad to die so the Yankees could win another pen-

nant, so their folks could still have Sunday picnics, so their girls could still go swimming at the beach with their kid brothers, so the American way could go on in freedom.

Mostly it wasn't. The public just doesn't know any better, can't accept the war as real, while the news is handed out to them at well-spaced intervals as lollipops or liver pills. When the censors stop treating the public like an ailing problem child, and begin giving it some man-to-man food for thought, unsweetened, undiluted, ungarnished (not forgetting unhelpful to the enemy), the nation may snap out of its shilly-shally, come closer to all-out effort.



IT'S NO JOKE

But until then, the fog is as thick over Washington as over the Aleutians. The three lads in the picture lost their teeth in the bombing of Dutch Harbor. They can grin about it—but it's still no joke!

THE LEATHERNECK

GIST'S "E" FOR EXCELLENCE

To *Lt. Gen. Wm. S. Knudsen*, for working a one-man miracle in boosting U. S. plane production although ousted by politics, and for giving Army enlisted men plane lifts home on his cross-country inspection tour.

To *Sgt. Irving Berlin* for his Broadway smash with an all-Army cast, "This Is the Army," including the immortal "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up—." All proceeds going to Army Relief.

To the *South Carolina Flight Lieutenant* who lived a week on a Pacific island by eating lily roots, grasshoppers, and raw owl's legs, dodging crocodiles, mosquitoes, until rescued by an Aussie pilot.



Smart CG Cullen

around and exchanging Italian prisoners for gasoline.

To *Cpl. J. L. Barrow*, of Ft. Riley, Kas., who when interviewed on "Cheers for the Camps," said simply "I was a boxer from Detroit. I'm out here trying to be a good cavalryman. My country was good to me, and now I want to help." For being a champion in and out of the ring.

To *Maj. Lofton Henderson, USMC*, for the example he set all Marines in diving his burning plane directly down the smokestack of a Jap air carrier.



Maj. Henderson

through binoculars.

To *Col. Wm. A. E. Eddy, USMC*, for his "Lawrence in Arabia" work among the Arabs of the Nile.

To *King Peter of Yugoslavia* for doing everything right on his recent visit to America, from ignoring nudes and social climbers to enjoying subways, sodas and swing bands.

To *Coast Guardsman Jack Cullen*, for taking GIST'S advice and acting dumb, thereby trapping four of the Nazi saboteurs landed on Long Island.

To *Gen. Draja Mihailovich*, leader of Yugo-Slavia's "Island of Freedom," who is busy pushing the Nazis

around and exchanging Italian prisoners for gasoline.

To *Cpl. J. L. Barrow*, of Ft. Riley, Kas., who when interviewed on "Cheers for the Camps," said simply "I was a boxer from Detroit. I'm out here trying to be a good cavalryman. My country was good to me, and now I want to help." For being a champion in and out of the ring.

To *Maj. Lofton Henderson, USMC*, for the example he set all Marines in diving his burning plane directly down the smokestack of a Jap air carrier.

To *Capt. E. H. Cairns*, torpedoed in the Caribbean, who kept afloat for 80 hours, stayed alive chewing all the buttons off his jacket.

To *Seaman Wm. E. Louans*, whose 20-20 vision on Atlantic patrol spotted six torpedoed men on a raft 3 miles away, although crew members could not see them

BLOW BY BLOW: CRUCIAL ROUND COMING UP

June 19—Churchill in Washington to confer with FDR on 2nd front.

June 21—Rommel takes Tobruk, Bardia, 25,000 British troops, drives on into Egypt

June 22—Axis subs shell radio shack on Vancouver, Ft. Stevens on Oregon Coast

June 23—RAF blasts Emden, Nazi sub base, for 3rd straight night

June 24—Argentina and Chile protest to Germany about ship sinkings

June 25—Axis Caribbean spy ring smashed by arrests in British Honduras

June 26—Gen. Eisenhower given command of European AEF

June 27—Germans lose 50,000 men to Russian Marines at Sevastopol

June 28—Big tank battle begins at Matruh, Egypt

June 29—England starts production of \$8 machine gun for parachute distribution to French saboteurs

July 1—MacArthur receives Congressional Medal of Honor

Japs raze Philippine city of Cebu as warning to guerrillas

Japs open drive on China Coast

July 2—Nazis take Sevastopol after bloody 8 months' siege

Rommel drives to within 70 miles of Alexandria

Navy announces huge new U. S. base at Londonderry, Ireland; also new all-U. S. ports and airfields in Britain

Navy reveals U.S.S. "Wasp" ferrying planes to Malta

July 3—Churchill gets confidence vote from House of Commons, despite Libya defeat

British 8th Army holds Rommel at El Alamein, aided by U. S. heavy bombers

Germany places Belgium under martial law, expecting invasion any day

July 4—U. S. troops celebrate with damaging blows to Axis in China, Alaska, Australia, Libya. First

U. S. Army air raid on Continental Europe: 2 of 6 planes lost over Netherlands

Axis sub enters Costa Rica harbor, sinks U. S. ship only 220 mi. from Panama. Costa Ricans retaliate by wrecking Axis property.

Japs seize vital China railway

July 5—70-ton Mars makes successful flight, inaugurating era of world-wide air-borne transport

July 6—Nazis drive across Don River in "big push" toward Caucasus

China begins 6th year of war against Japan; Chiang declares confidence

July 8—Saboteurs landed from U-boat go on trial under strict military secrecy

July 9—Naval battle reported off Arctic supply line — "Tirpitz" torpedoed, U. S. heavy cruiser claimed sunk

July 10—Russian, British subs play hell with Nazi shipping in Baltic

Jugoslavia guerrillas invade Italian territory

July 11—FBI arrests 158 German aliens, in follow-up of saboteur trial

July 12—Nazis advance toward Caucasus

Axis halted in Egypt and China

Gen. Eaker heads all-U. S. Bomber Command in Europe.

AEF reported in New Guinea

July 13—AEF issued handbook: How to Understand the British

France hands over 15,000 sq. mi. of Indo-China to Japan

July 14—Vichy refuses to move warships interned in Alexandria Harbor

July 15—U. S. near break with Finland

Nazis hammer at Voronezh, key rail center above Rostov

U. S. Navy now using convoys in Caribbean and Atlantic Coast sea lanes

U.S.S. "Yorktown" reported damaged, U.S.S. "Hamann" sunk in Midway battle

LAUGHS FROM LIBYA

The British have long found the Italians more funny than fierce. Even out of the current crucial campaign, they pause to pass on to us the joke about the Italian captain whose men refused to advance. He gave them a stinging pep talk, pulled his saber, walked to the front lines, shouted "Avanti!" ("Forward!"), and charged.

After 50 yards he felt suddenly conspicuous, turned around, and found himself 50 yards in the clear—alone. Behind him, his men were sitting on the ground, finishing their sandwiches, applauding lustily with shouts of "Bravo, Capitano, Bravo!"

The Nazis in Libya have supply troubles, too. There was the German private who wrote home: "Dear Mother—Thank you for the new boots. They tasted delicious."

(Actually, the Afrika Corps is one of the most pampered units of Hitler's armies. That doesn't mean they're soft; they are trained to go days without water, in direct desert sun glare. But they fight only for short periods, very intensively, are then returned for liberty at Benghazi, where all comforts are provided them—including air raids by new U. S. heavy bombers.)

THE ANIMALS FELL BACK TWO BY TWO

Wildest critter in Ark of World War II is Nazis' ruseful ruthless Rommel. Twice driven off from Britain's back yard (Egypt,



Desert Fox

Suez, Iraq), he is still circling for a raid on the Caucasus chicken coop, this time close enough to frighten England's setting hens. Typical tactic was recent dash at Egypt, leaving rear lines at mercy of United raiders, counting on sudden snap at Tobruk to grab supplies. It worked: Tobruk was swallowed while Gen. Ritchie was still sighting in his shotgun. Then foxy Rommel withdrew, sat back on haunches, plotted new scheme to get at Alexandria, Suez, Caucasus fat pickings.

For over a year now Hitler has tried to make the Soviet grizzly waltz to blitz tempo, but no Arthur Murray on his staff could make Timoshenko dance in a hurry. It took seven months of steady jamming before the rugged Reds rippled to the rhythm of retreat. Not yet completely hep, they may let Adolf the Rug-chewer's rug-cutters knock themselves out of this world, then teach them good old Cossack routines like the Firebird, the Bearhug, the Sword and Torch.

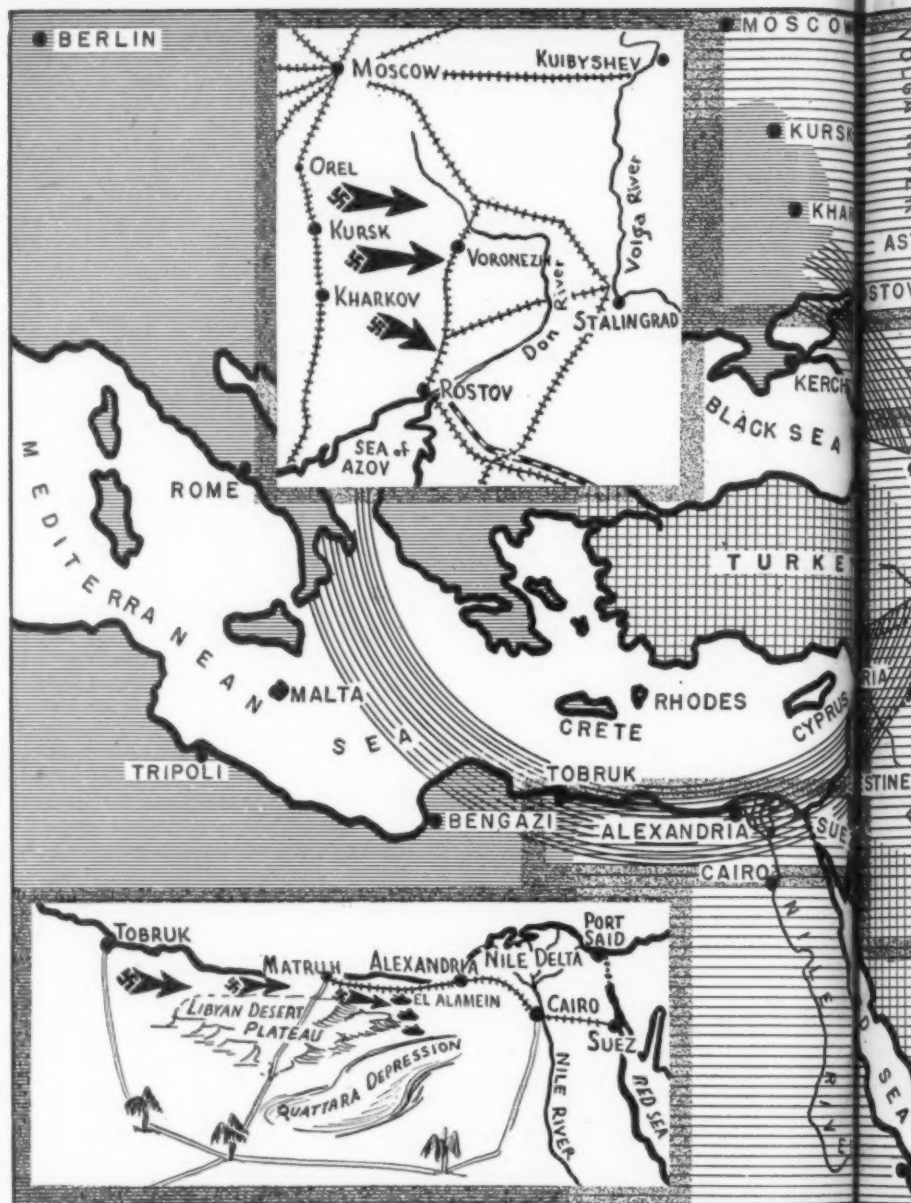


Reeling Bear

The British Lion has had far more than the fabled thorn in the paw jammed into him, is in no mood to make friends with anybody. Though his hunting days are over, he is still monarch of all he surveys from the back entrance to his den, where he roars a mean defiance, switches a wicked tail, packs enough punch in even a wounded paw to keep Axis wolves and jackals at bay.



Wounded Lion



HITLER'S CLUTCH AT CAUCASUS TREASURE-AN

After months of crying "Wolf!" at nervous Sweden, Turkey, Portugal, and Spain, Europe's good little shepherd boy, A. Schickelherder, finally set his pack on their biggest game since the war began: the Caucasus pipelines and oil wells which are the arteries and heart of the Russian military machine.

Oddly enough, he did not choose either of the easier routes open to him: via the Dardanelles and across Turkey, where he would be faced by a hard-fighting but under-supplied army of 1,000,000 men, including many 5th columnists, or via the stepping stones of Crete, Rhodes, Cyprus to Syria, now manned mainly by U. S. troops, which may have scared him off from trying this shortest of short-cuts to the Mid-East treasure house.

Instead, he chose the longest way round—the hard, wearisome drive across the plains of the Don and Volga Rivers, home of the fierce Cossack cavalry, then up and over some of the world's highest mountains—the Georgian range, including Mt. Ararat, where the Ark is supposed to have lodged. This would indicate that Hitler's first aim is not to grab the Caucasus, but to annihilate, by direct attack or by cutting all vital supply arteries, the Russian armies.

So far he has done well: advanced deeper into Russian territory than ever before, cut the important Moscow-Rostov railway, first step in flanking and capturing this Black Sea pipe-line terminal which was the Waterloo of his 1941 campaign. A 40-mile jump across the Strait of Kerch would

THE LEATHERNECK



CAUCASUS AN ARABIAN NIGHTMARE FOR THE ALLIES

put him even closer to the Black Sea port of Batum, another pipe-line terminal. But for this he needs naval control of the Black Sea, which he cannot get without Turkey's permission to open the Dardanelles to Italian warships. It seems as if the Nazi machine is stalled by salt water.

On land, however, they are anything but stalled. Next objective, perhaps even before Rostov, may be Stalingrad, Pittsburgh of the Caucasus, which controls railways and river traffic along the lower Volga. From there it could be just a step to Astrakhan, northern junction of rail and water supply routes on the Caspian Sea (world's largest landlocked body of salt water).

But these "easy steps" which the Nazi army is making are not like the giant

strides of the first blitz campaign through Poland into White Russia. The Soviet troops are falling back only after the most bitter, bloody battles of the entire war. Nazi losses, even by conservative estimates, have been enormous. And Germany's reserve of manpower cannot compare with Russia's. At the present terrific toll, experts calculate the Nazi forces cannot reach the Caucasus in time to make use of its treasures. Hitler's Ark too may not get beyond Mt. Ararat.

If the Russian resistance should crack wide open, the whole Middle East, none too friendly toward Britain, might go up in smoke.

The Caucasus is a prize rich in more than oil. It has manganese for planes, food for starving workers, communications cen-

ters which control most of the United supply lines to Russia and India. A combined Nipponazi drive on either of these nations could split the British Empire—and the United Nations—in two, prolong the war into a long blockade of information, attrition and starvation. If Russia and Egypt hold fast, if the Axis can be kept out of the Caucasus pantry, our chances for a quick victory are 100 per cent improved.

Watch Turkey—she may join the Axis if she's convinced they will win, although in the last war her alliance with Germany cost her dearly.



French Destroyer

Watch what happens to those French warships interned in Alexandria harbor. FDR warned Laval to have them moved before the fireworks began in Alexandria, or else we'd take them over.

Watch for a glider-paratroop attack on Suez, Palestine, or Syria from Axis islands.

Watch for Japan to decide which way to jump—pincer on Siberia? pincer on India? It will depend on which German campaign is more successful. If neither looks good, Japan may stop sparring in China, and make an all-out invasion of Alaska.

Watch U. S. bombers play increasingly important role in battle for Mediterranean supply lines. If Britain drains out more troops to hold the Egyptian front, we may end up holding the Caucasus all by ourselves.

Watch that Iran supply road, from Basra at head of Persian Gulf, by rail to Teheran and Bandar Shah on the Caspian. Thence by boat to Baku or Astrakhan, and a quick train or truck jaunt to the front.

With so many things to watch, and so far to bring supplies, United Nations may again be jinxed by the djinns "Too Little, Too Late," rising out of the shipping bottleneck.

What once was the Garden of Eden (Iraq), may prove an Arabian nightmare to United strategists, unless they can rig up some flaming sword to keep out Hitler and Rommel.



HMS "Warspite" in Alexandria



"Shall report glorious victory! Nippon navy again pursue fleeing enemy planes!"

LIFE WITH HITLER

United blockade has made wool so scarce in Italy that seats for the world-famous Milan opera are now bought per pound of wool. In London, men's suits have been made without pockets since May 1.

In Hull, "worst-bombed city in England," shortage of alarm clocks has caused revival of vocation of "knocker-up," a man who, for weekly fee, taps with long pole at window at given hour. Fine for swing shift workers.

To cope with rising wave of sabotage in France, Gestapo has decreed any man 18-45 not cooperating with Nazis will be instantly shot, his wife sentenced to hard manual labor, his children sent to reform schools.

All Brazilian private automobiles are off the roads for the duration as of July 15. Only recognized drivers are men in essential professions: military, medicine, morale.

It's called Shirshasana — A head-stand with elbows on floor, hands locked behind head—and it's the favorite exercise of India's scholarly political leader, Pandit Nehru. No wonder India is still squatting in Yogi position No. 2, in the shadow of the dive-bombers.

Heavy air raid casualties in China are caused by coolies' ostrich-like belief that a plane out of sight is out of range. In Changsha bombings, citizens rushed under trees or dived into bushes, murmuring thanks to hon. ancestors for providing safety. In Changteh, 100 mi. north, police systematically shot every dog they could find because the city's elders decided their barking attracted Jap planes.

And from Japan, where Doolittle's raid supposedly "hardly disrupted traffic at all," 200,000 yellow sons of Nippon have

moved to China, most of them near Tai-yuan in northern Shansi province, where the puppet govt. is forcing rich Chinese to contribute "relief" money for the newcomers.

Hitler's Aryan supermen now have two more sacrifices to suffer in supreme stoicism. Since July 1, no beer. Since March 1, no dentists, except at military hospitals. Thirsty tongues and aching teeth are latest ways of reaching Joy through Strength. Watch out for trench mouth, Adolf; it's a decadent disease.



"Stupid dog!—hon spy reports American bomber made of toothpaste tubes—why no can you?"

WRONG AGAIN!

Above sons of Mitsubitchi must have gotten wrong idea from these recently published statistics:

60 toothpaste tubes furnish all the solder needed in a medium-size bomber.

7 car tires are needed to make 1 heavy bomber tire.

100 pairs silk stockings equal one parachute. (And nylon, rayon, artificial silk aren't strong enough. We face a silk shortage unless science can persuade our limited supply of silk-worms to give out a little faster. Maybe it's against union rules.)

21 men's suit cuffs give wool enough for one set of greens. (In Eire, first Marine arrivals were nearly mobbed for "Wearing of the Greens." Irish thought they were Nazi paratroops or escaped prisoners.)

1 month's factory output of baby pants can make 2,800 rubber life rafts. Take it easy, non-coms.

OVER THERE

Judging from prisoners taken by MacArthur on Bataan, average Jap soldier is 23.9 years old, weighs 117 lbs., is 5 ft. 3 in. tall. That makes him 5 in. shorter, 27 lbs. lighter than average U. S. fighting man, but like his small, light Arisaka rifle, no less deadly.

Conscription began in Nippon in 646 A.D.; modern system has been in effect since 1872. Jap draftees serve 2 yrs., then go into reserve.

Fairly well educated, about 70% have grammar school training, 15% more have completed equivalent of high school. They have had about a year and a half of soldiering. Before that, 30% were farmers, 25% skilled artisans, 20% clerks. They are better educated than U. S. draftees: illiteracy averages .32% (U. S. 4%).

Jap front line soldier carries rations for 5 to 7 days: sugar, rice, fish, medicine. His .25 caliber rifle permits him to carry 20% more bullets. Thick, weather-beaten skin is great protection against jungle pests, so he wears only shorts in many engagements. Laundry is no problem to Mr. Moto, fighting a nation of laundrymen! He can wash his whole uniform in water from a cup. (British prisoners in Libya, lips cracked, throats parched under grilling desert sun, had to watch Italians take baths, wash clothes, in precious drinking water.)

A Jap sailor, prisoner in Chungking, blames Midway and Coral Sea defeats on poor food and living conditions in Imperial Navy. During maneuvers and combat sailors sleep far below decks on tables or chairs, bunk in passageways, eat emergency rations of rice and salt fish for weeks at a time. Impaired efficiency causes accidents, lowers morale, lessens fighting strength of fleet.



"Cannot understand why hon. plane is flop! According to report it is fine imitation of German copy of British plane shot down in France built from U. S. plans."

OVER HERE

Draft board statistics show the average soldier today is 68.19 inches tall, weighs 151.3 lbs., has finished 2½ yrs. of high school. Compared to 1917 figures, he is 3/5 in. taller, 9.8 lbs. heavier, and a hell of a lot smarter.

But physical defects are causing a higher rate of rejection—as much as 40 to 50 per cent in some zones. Prominent athletes have failed to make the grade: Al Blozies, shot-put champ, is too big—6 ft. 6, Greg Rice, fastest human since Paavo Nurmi, has a hernia; Les MacMitchell, country's greatest miler, was rejected by the Navy for slow heart-beat, as was Al Diebolt, quarter mile king. Errol Flynn flunked his Navy physical; Jack Dempsey had trouble with Coast Guard requirements. And one lad (anonymous) was refused by the air corps simply because he bites his nails. Wonder how that Leatherneck on our July cover ever got by!

Percentage of illiteracy is alarming, particularly in South, where special schools for service entrants are being experimented with. Some old-line officials believe literacy tests for soldiers are the bunk, argue that "a man don't need to know how to read and write fancy to shoot straight in the firing line." But highly technical modern weapons and tactics require thorough study and accurate explanation, impossible to give verbally in an outfit of 6 million men. The day of the pick-up army is over: today's soldier must be smart, alert, informed, to be trusted with expensive equipment and split-second responsibility.

And yet 19 per cent of all draftees take the first train ride of their lives when they are sent to their first Army camp.

U. S. Navy food, equipment, living conditions are best in world. Special refrigerators, vegetable bins dusted with lime and charcoal, fresh baked bread, from dough raised in "proofing box," so engine vibration won't spoil it) all contribute to fresh, healthful diet even after weeks at sea.



He's still on our side, but—

OUT OF THE NIGHT

Two years ago the best seller, "Out of the Night," was attacked as sensational propaganda, aimed to whip up anti-Nazi feeling in neutral U. S. Last month in wartime America, 3 true spy stories crashed the headlines whose bare facts outdid any Jan Valtin exaggerations.

Full details of investigation could not be revealed, but enough was told to make U. S. citizens proud and sure that Hitler's 5th column will never deal us a mortal blow. The FBI, Secret Service, Army & Navy Intelligence cover vital industrial and military points like a bullet-proof vest.

Actual events of all 3 cases read like a pulpy Hollywood scenario. Out of the Atlantic murk one evening, four strangers stepped onto a Long Island beach, straight into the arms of a young Coast Guardsman on patrol. Smart Bill Cullen said nothing about the shadowy shape he saw sliding out to sea beyond



the breakers, let the mysterious strangers do the talking while he played Yankee yokel boy.

They talked, all right. Once they were sure of Cullen's stupidity they asked directions, gave him a bribe (short-changed him \$40), drifted off in the fog toward New York. When they had gone, Cullen went into high gear. Combined Coast Guard-FBI investigation unearthed boxes of explosives on beach, tracked down saboteurs in two weeks, with 4 others who had tried same trick in Florida. All 8 confessed, were tried for espionage before military court in first trial of its kind since assassination of Lincoln.

Question before both court and country was not whether these men were guilty. When captured, men had \$150,000 in U. S. greenbacks, had cached \$20,000 more. They also had forged Social Security and Selective cards. Among their souvenirs were pencils and pens which turned out to be incendiary bombs, bombs which looked like lumps of coal, a German Marine's hat.



On their list of objectives in a 2-year campaign was destruction of (1) all N. Y. City bridges, (2) Alcoa plants in Massena, N. Y., East St. Louis, (3) Niagara Falls power plant, (4) P.R.R. station at Newark, N. J., (5) Horseshoe curve near Altoona, Pa. Neatest trick of their trek was to be poisoning of New York City water system.

Unlike the Nazis in "The Invaders," these men had friends waiting to get them placed strategically—friends who were U. S. citizens in many cases. Two of the saboteurs were citizens, all had lived in this country, spoke English fluently, had been given intensive training in the Nazi sabotage school near Berlin.

U. S. public suddenly remembered FBI's steady, grim clean-up of suspected aliens—8,844 since Dec. 7, bagging 3,000 guns, 200,000 rounds of ammunition, 1,652 sticks of dynamite, 1,645 short-wave radios, 956 pig-stickers. They remembered the old German Bund groups, the Edgewater Colony with its 30 rubber boats, and invasion map of N. Y. City. They remembered the Japs off Alaska who went home in small tuna boats and came back in heavy cruisers; the cook in Brazil who hid the keenest mind of the Japanese admiralty behind "her" turban and false front. They remembered the U-boat commanders who had little notebooks full of names, destinations, cargoes of ships to be sunk. They remembered the Panama spy plot, complete with curvaceous hostesses, doped and poisoned drinks, a master-mind (biggest big-shot in British Honduras) and the inevitable "plans"—of the air field at Coco Solo, guarded by Marines.

They remembered all this, and suddenly "fifth column activity" became something more than the last line of a limerick. It became a matter of life and death; mostly of death. And the question before the nation was: Do these admittedly guilty saboteurs deserve the death penalty?

The answer is hidden behind closed doors in Washington. Example set there will determine what happens to hundreds more saboteurs. For the hunt has only just begun.



"The men have some firecrackers, and would like permission to shoot them off, sir."

THE FOURTH ABROAD

Returns aren't all in yet, but U. S. service men on foreign duty seem to have celebrated the 4th of July in the customary manner. A doughboy dived off London bridge, 50 feet high, in full uniform, and swam ashore to win a bet, leaving the Limeys wondering if he was trying to snow them with the remark that they must watch the Brodie.

In Australia, a beachcomber pulled out of the sand a parcel containing \$280,000 worth of rose diamonds, lost in the flight from Java. About a million dollars worth is reported still missing, so treasure hunts are very popular now Down Under.

The Aussies gave our boys a really big time on the 4th. They had baseball, in which a tobacco-chewing pitcher from Portland, Ore., stole the show and won the game from the Victorian All-Stars. Some idea of the caliber ball played may be gathered from fact that said pitcher, one Johnny Lund, was farmed out to an Arkansas team by the Phillies.

The game operated under a few difficulties: there was no netting behind home plate, and you had to duck fouls and vice versa. Besides, the weather was "filthy cold" to quote the *New York Times*, which should know better than to reveal such a military secret.

There was a bit of "barracking"—Aussie for razzing the umpire—but no beer bottles were thrown. A good thing, too, for they don't come any smaller than a quart down there.

The touch football game which concluded the sports program was very boring to the Aussies, used to rugby and soccer, rough tough and nasty. In fact they declared publicly it was "quite too ladylike" and went home to get more beer bottles.

Gen. MacArthur and staff worked all through the holiday. So did all men on combat duty.

Up in Alaska the sub boys turned in a nice day's work, hitting 3 Jap destroyers and a cruiser at anchor in Kiska Harbor.

In China, the AVG's celebrated Independence Day by breaking up their world-famous unit. Some went directly into the Army Air Corps unit now serving in China, under Gen. Chennault (whom the Army once let go as a Capt.). Others joined the NCAC, the North China commercial ferry line flying supplies in and liaison officers out of India, China, Siberia.

In France 10 days later on their national holiday, Bastille Day, national fireworks were held in the form of three train wrecks, two bombings, a commando raid, and an attempted assassination. From now on, incidentally, the De Gaullists want to be known as the Fighting French, not Free French—so they can include their bomb-slinging brethren from Vichy. The French, they are a funny race—

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT EVER BECAME OF

the Soviet flier whose parachute failed to open, and who, after falling from 23,000 feet, plunged into a deep snowdrift at 180 miles per hour, retaining enough consciousness to ask his rescuers which side of the lines he was on.

the sailor who married a Salem, Mass., girl, spent two hours with her folks, went out to mail a letter, and hasn't been heard from since.

the absent-minded ensign who went into a power dive over a Jap cruiser, tried to put down the wing flaps as brakes, grabbed the bomb release instead, and scored a perfect hit on a nearby destroyer.



"Have you ever been in a good stiff power dive?"

the girl pilot who fainted on her first solo flight, while her plane kept circling the airport for an hour, until she came to and made a safe landing in a cow pasture in the dark.

the New York office manager who wrote to the Navy Recruiting office to pull down the shades in the physical exam room because her girls were using binoculars and placing bets, and not keeping their minds on their work.

the U. S. naval officer who bucked his own buttons one night and found them labeled "Made in Japan."

the Marine who wrote she "left him kind of dazed" to Mrs. Virginia Beard.

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?

They're old enough to come under the head of Leatherneck Traditions, but we'll take a chance on some boot's not having heard them before.

There were the two girls, before the war, watching the *Henderson* leave port, loaded with Marines shoving off for Shanghai.

"Where they goin'?"

"They're goin' to China."

"China!" (incredulously) "What they gonna do there?"

The second one eyed her pityingly. "Listen, Millie, ain't you never been out with a Marine?"

There was the Marine private at Pearl Harbor trapped inside the hull of the submerged *Oklahoma*. Four days after the raid, workmen finally got through to him with an acetylene torch. The Leatherneck stepped through the hole, looked at the sweating workmen, stopped their questions with a neat spit to leeward, and asked: "What time does the next liberty boat go ashore?"

Real Marine Corps enthusiasts will remember the advice given a boot by his Dad when the American Legion Convention rolled into L. A.

"Son, never ask any of these men if he was a Marine. If he was, he'd tell you so the first thing. And if he wasn't, you wouldn't want to embarrass him."

There was the jealous sweetheart in Indiana of a Marine on duty "down under" who read all the news stories about Aussie girls necking in the streets. (Blue laws close everything up tight after 10 o'clock; boys are all dressed up—no place to go.)

Finally she cabled him: "What have Australian girls got that I haven't got?"

Answer came back: "Nothing, but they're here."

New crop of promotions in Army Air Corps prompted appearance of this sign at a New York Officers' Club: "No Lieutenant Colonels under 21 will be served unless accompanied by parents."



"Just hand it to her, General."

THE LEATHERNECK

SURE YOU INHALE -SO PLAY SAFE with your throat!

A SERVICE MAN'S smoke ought to be his buddy. You can't help inhaling but—you can help your throat! Doctors who compared the five most popular cigarettes report that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

PHILIP MORRIS' finer tobaccos taste better all day long—with real protection added—even when you inhale! Enjoy smoking without worry about nose and throat irritation—

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST
Cigarette

PROVED PROTECTION
ADDED TO
FINER PLEASURE



DETACHMENTS



By the time this article is being perused by U. S. Marines the world over, we, the members of the **MARINE DETACHMENT, AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON, ENGLAND**, will have been over here one year.

The year has passed so rapidly, we can hardly realize the things that have happened. Namely: the growth of the detachment, the numerous promotions, the extensive training we have gone through in becoming qualified A.R.P. experts, the competitive rifle matches we have with various branches of H.M. forces, familiarizing ourselves with London and its tradition, its "black-out" and slang. It is a year that we can truthfully say has been very profitable and most enjoyable.

The promotions start with our Commanding Officer and go right down the line to the last P.F.C. to receive his inverted "V." The promoted include, Lieut. Colonel Walter I. Jordan, the Commanding Officer; Major John B. Hill, the Executive Officer; Captains Walter F. Layer, Roy J. Batterton and Thomas J. Myers. John Skorich, who is getting to look more like a First Sergeant every day, has been our "Top" for the last two months, ever since Augustus J. Eden received his warrant as a Quartermaster Clerk and went back to the States. The opinion among the men, unanimous, is that Skorich is doing a great job for all of us. Willis G. Smith is now our Supply Sergeant. John Allen, George Clark and Alfred Pratt have all been promoted to Platoon Sergeants. Ulysses G. Knox, the Mess Sergeant, has also attained the rank of Staff Sergeant. The newly-made Sergeants are Shelby O. Jones, Arnold G. Arrowood, John H. Dearing, Lewis L. Lloyd, Wilson E. Brogdon, William M. Miller, George J. Hudock and Jack Whitaker. The Corporals are Warren M. Anderson, Walter L. Kelly, Robert P. Ryan, Robert E. Reed, William E. Peterson, Luther L. Pledger, Jr., Harvey H. Brockway, Alcee E. Marquet, Jr., Francis M. Connolly, Paul E. Cramer, John Sudro, Henry M. Dozier, Robert E. Schad, Francis J. Hillberg, Jr., Bill Cavanaugh and Joe Bouchie.

You all remember the training we had at the rifle range in Boot Camp, and how after a few weeks of hard practice some of us could qualify as experts. Well, since the first month after our arrival we have been trained thoroughly in A.R.P. For one year, we have attended lectures, given demonstrations and maneuvers and even composed poems and songs about A.R.P., resulting in the fact that we have all proven ourselves experts in the art of A.R.P. (Just in

case you don't know—A.R.P. means: Air Raid Precautions in our league.)

We have also found out, much to our embarrassment, that London's slang has the opposite meaning to the slang we use in the States. I could give different examples, but am sure the censor would never let them get by his hands.

So, with the many promotions, the constant flow of invitations to attend social functions, making friends with people from the world over, it is no wonder that the Marines in London are very content and happy, while at the same time feeling that we are doing our job, like Marines the world over, for the successful termination of this present world conflict.—Francis Connolly.

The rest camp lodge for the **MARINE CORPS AIR STATION** at St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands has been constructed between Caneel and Cruz bays, a place second to none for its natural beauty. For this site we are indebted to the Virgin Islands Tourist Company, which donated it for the duration. Although we do not have the privilege of a U.S.O. here on the Island it is heart warming to know that civilian interest here is high for the boys in uniform.

One week after the ground was cleared "Tamarind Lodge" was occupied by the first six rest campers, all of whom played a big part in building, painting, and furnishing the lodge. The floor plan shows a large front room furnished with six bunks, easy chairs, tables, and trimmings; a galley with an automatic refrigerator, an oil stove and other necessary furnishings, and finally, a combined shower and storage room. There's another room, too, but it's detached, a trim little green job, and a vine never grew on a slicker little two-holder anywhere.

Not more than 20 steps from the front door is a beautiful sandy white beach where the water is equally as clear as a crystal. This alone is enough for anyone who has a desire to "get out of harness" for a few days. But in addition there are nearby trails leading all over the island for anyone who wants to get varied sights of this tropical magnificence, or if he'd rather, he can travel by horseback for the proverbial song—and this isn't the end of the pleasures that await us. There's fishing, boating, Longusta (Florida Lobster) hunting, then there's one thing that makes this rest camp sort of different, it's a place where a fellow can really rest.

Everyone who has had the pleasure of spending a few days at Tamarind Lodge comes back with the same story which amounts to "We had a fine time—

swell place." In its short life, the galley of the lodge has been a work shop and proving ground for recipes handed down from "Old Aunt Matilda," "Old Uncle Dudley," from "The Way to a Man's Heart," and "This is the way Ma used to fix it." Up to now no one has experienced any pain from the many concoctions that have graced the dining table of Tamarind Lodge, and here's hoping!

Here's the **SPECIAL WEAPONS BATTERY, TENTH MARINES**, reporting from Camp Elliott in sunny California. To start, let's congratulate our battery officers for their promotions to higher ranks.

Amongst the enlisted, we find a few new chevrons both in line duty and in the communication personnel. Promoted to Gunnery-Sergeant was Lawrence R. Stewart. New corporals are Howard W. Anderson and William W. Wander, Jr. To Private First Class, went Alexander R. Kelm and George H. Westermeier. Congratulations, fellows.

Physical conditioning of the battery personnel is a main factor in our training schedule and organized athletics and running the obstacle course are daily events.

We are proud to state that our battery had three NCO's found suitable for the Officers' Candidates Class. They are Corporals Robert H. Bollum, Neil M. Dougan, and William W. Wander, Jr. These men have what it takes to be leaders and we know they will make the grade.

Before we forget, let us put in a plug for the San Diego U. S. O. which is doing a fine job in supplying recreation for us Camp Elliott Leathernecks. Camp stage shows, weekly dances, swimming parties, and picnics are amongst their scheduled activities. They make sure we have a variety of entertainment each week and we all appreciate it.—Len Kurr.

Transfers have deprived **BATTERY K, TENTH MARINES, SECOND MARINE DIVISION** of a number of good men. But we're still carrying on efficiently.

Captain Ford has joined Fourth Battalion, Headquarters & Service, while Marine Gunner Thomson and Marine Gunner Pawloski are serving on detached duty elsewhere.

Our acting First Sergeant now is Platoon Sergeant Joseph Turner, while Platoon Sergeant McCart is attending First Sergeant's School at the Marine Corps Base in San Diego. We are waiting for Mac to come back from school with all his new-found knowledge and take over again.

Field Musies Jordan and Rogers have finally tooted and blown themselves into a stripe. Congratulations, men, we feel that you have earned them.

Corporal Kenneth Dunn married Nina May Kaufman, of Los Angeles, on June 29. Thanks for the cigars Kenny.

Many of the men passing the newly built Obstacle Course had wondered what it was for. Recently they had a taste of the dirt under the barbed wire

entanglements and climbed the wall. So I doubt if there is any wonder about it now. How about it, men?

The Rumor Bird flew by the other day and told me that our office clerk, Corp. Hamusek, is thinking in terms of diamonds these days. What is her name Hammy?

That is about 30 for now. Be seeing you next month.—W. M. Gilliam.

Here's all the latest "straight dope" from **BATTERY "L", TENTH MARINES**. The battery office is working overtime getting the new pay raise entered on all the pay accounts, and the whole battery in general is getting prepared to meet this by taking special liberty to depreciate our billfolds. This battery of liberty hounds really is going strong now with all the liberty being granted. I suppose the next cry will be for steady week-ends also.

What's the low grumbling about around the barracks when our older Non-Coms refer back to the "old" Marine Corps? Couldn't be such trifles as specifications on how bunks are to be made up and kept, could it? It's amazing how quickly even we "boots" learn after drawing a couple restrictions in such respect.

How about going back to the desert, fellows? There we can really get that well known "rugged" life. Speaking of "rugged", take a special liberty, and then try for record on the obstacle course. If you make that in good shape then you're really ready for anything the Japs could offer.

Every day we hear the necessary arguments put up by native Californians on how wonderful this state is, and we from "back in so forth" boys are always eager to lend a few well placed remarks in the proper places. There's no place like home, we say, but we're glad to get into khaki for the Summer out here. The sun is giving out very well and we thank the authorities for discarding the blouses as liberty uniform. If we could only ship the home town talent out here to assist the local girls. Wouldn't that be something?

Welcomed into the battery are Second Lieutenants Talbot and Patterson to bolster our staff of officers. Congratulations to Lieutenants Hutson and Rathbun in discarding their gold bars for silver. We still attend to the serious reason why we are Marines by keeping up our training with long infantry hikes, R.S.O.P.'s, and a great many beneficial school periods. We read the papers on how the other U. S. boys are taking care of the enemy and it makes us grimly resolve to be ready when our chance comes to strike our blows. We love the states but we're all anxious to put a little water behind us to take a crack at our Axis foes.

It is about time for the music to blat out liberty on his bugle so this will have to be quickly finished. Good luck to all Marines, and we'll see you next month.—Harold Stoner.

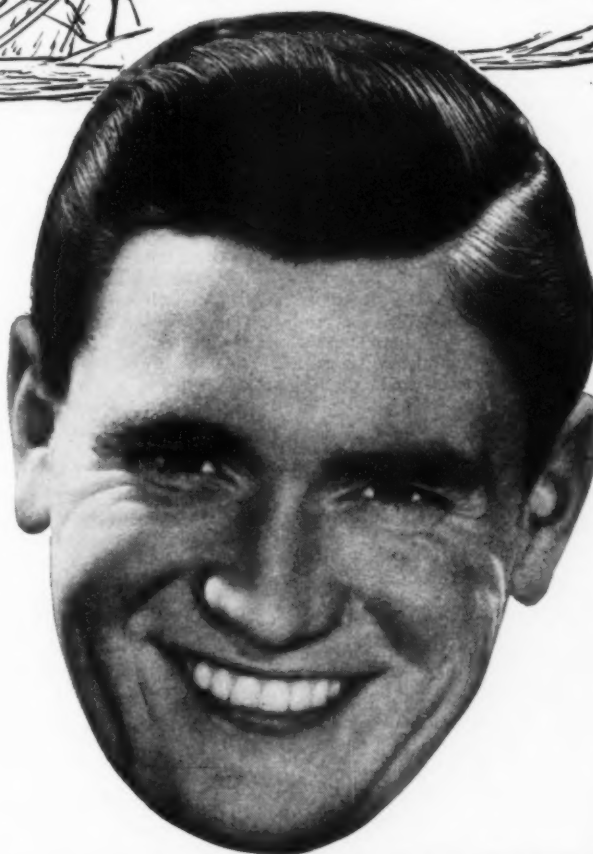
We have an efficient and ambitious

August, 1942



**SURE, YOU CAN TAKE IT..
BUT YOUR HAIR?**

How can you keep hair orderly, and check Dry Scalp... when you're out in the wind and sunshine every day? Leathernecks who have tried a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on their comb every morning find they've got the happy answer.



GET THIS SPECIAL HELP AGAINST DRY SCALP

INSTEAD of dousing your hair with water or anything else (dousing makes hair plastered, unnatural looking!) do this: Just comb a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic through your hair every morning. For, in addition to grooming hair like nobody's business, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic gives real help against Dry Scalp. It has no drying ingredients. Fact is, it actually combats Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural hair oils. Also use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before each shampoo. Massage it in vigorously so as to promote circulation and loosen up dandruff scale.



AT ALL POST EXCHANGES

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

group of men here in **FOURTH BATTALION, TENTH MARINES, SECOND MARINE DIVISION** and so at this time we wish to congratulate those who were on the recent promotion list.

In the Communication Section, Corporals Blanchard and Buss were made Sergeants and Pfc. Sudduth was advanced to Corporal. Rich, Pierce and Walker made Pfc. stripes.

R.S.O.P.'s and hikes seem to be taking up some of our time here in the Fourth Battalion. But that Summer is with us and we need the fresh air, as well as the conditioning, it has been nothing compared to the rigid training that we all went through while we were on the desert.

All hands join me in congratulating our new officers who just joined us from the "OC" school, and a mighty fine bunch of men they are too. So greetings, Sirs!

We also want to wish the men who recently were transferred to other organizations of the Tenth Marines, and while they were with us here in the Fourth Battalion, we found they were a fine bunch of Marines. So to First Sergeant Willbour, Field Music Hollis, Pfes. Scanlon, Doughty, Dent, Lance and Gilliland, we want to wish all the luck in the world.

We want to "welcome" to Fourth Battalion Lieutenant Jackson, who comes to us from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he was attending school. He takes over

duties in Communication Section, relieving Captain Church, who is now our Intelligence Officer and attended the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill. Before going to Fort Sill he was attached to Battery "K" of the 4th Battalion.

That's all for now. Lots of Luck, Boys!—H. S. Case.

The men of **BATTERY N, TENTH MARINES, SECOND MARINE DIVISION**, have been put through an intensive training period recently. Starting with few seasoned men, the battery has developed into a first class fighting unit. We have completed our brief stay on board ship and after swinging around the anchor chain for four days we feel like "old salts." Since then, the battery has been assisting the 9th Marines with timely and well-laid salvoes of artillery fire. The 9th Marines deserve a lot of praise because they certainly are a swell bunch to work with.

We welcome to our battery a new officer, Captain R. H. Houser. Here's hoping you will like the outfit, Captain. Two of our officers have recently changed the color of their bars from gold to silver. Our sincerest congratulations to First Lieutenant C. E. Brissenden and First Lieutenant W. R. Helmer. May their next promotions come as quickly.

Not only has our battery become the best in the Regiment but two of our men have shown enough promise to be sent to Officers' School. Sergeant R.

W. Garvin has completed his training at Green Farm and is due to be commissioned soon. Corporal J. M. Taylor has left for Quantico to enter the Officers' School there. We also have quite a few enrolled in the various Division Schools. Among them are Corporal Moregon at Camouflage School, Pfes. Trent and Scott at Photographers' School and Pfc. Hines at Demolition School.

All of our better-known liberty-hounds are licking their chops over the new thirty-six hour liberties that are now available. That furlough list is gradually decreasing and we hear from those returning that Texas is still in the Union.

Private Jack Wilson can no longer claim the title of being the oldest man of that rank in our battery. When informed that he had been made a Private First Class he promptly tied a bag of Bull Durham on the bulletin board. Everybody is welcome to roll one.

We have been undergoing some of that new physical torture this past month and those moans and groans I hear are caused by some very sore muscles. Most of them are coming from our office personnel who had to go through this, too.

In closing, we wish those men recently transferred to the Amphibious Corps the best of luck in their new outfit. We also hope that the new pay bill will partially reimburse Leon (Loan Shark) Levy for his losses during his short-lived business career.—W. R. Anderson and W. D. Cramer.

It won't be fashionable to go to Del Mar this season in tweedy sport jackets and uprimmed Panamas, nor will those gayly colored racing pennants decorate the spectators' stand. But Old Glory will be there, and men in forest green suits. It's the thing to wear this season, for those fighting men, our own U. S. Marines, are setting the vogue at Del Mar Track.

Those of you who have seen Del Mar, California, during the racing season would notice a decided change were you to visit this Southern California track now.

Instead of the assortment of sleek limousines, station wagons and sport coupes that frequented this track before, you will find massive government trucks, lumbering tanks, speedy patrol cars, or long columns of steel helmeted Marines going about the business of war. Nor will you hear excited voices ring out their cheers for the day's favorite—instead only the hollow echo of marching feet, or the call of a solitary bugle. And there, in front of the stands, you will see a long row of earth-brown tents, with an undecided column of smoke wandering skyward from the galley stoves. For the **SECOND MARINE DIVISION** of Camp Elliott has annexed another training center to its already extensive training facilities.

The prime reason for this new camp is to give the men advanced training in those tactics and methods that they will need when called into actual combat.

The camp, too, has a general toughening and conditioning process for these Leathernecks. It includes early morning

COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



Confidentially
it doesn't **SHRINK!**

RIGHT! COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM MAKES A CREAMY, ACTIVE LATHER THAT HOLDS MOISTURE... DOESN'T SHRINK OR DRY OUT ON YOUR FACE!

Sure, I'm a "BUCK" private!

I'M REALLY IN THE BUCKS SINCE I FOUND THERE'S UP TO 6 WHOLE MONTHS OF SHAVING IN EVERY GIANT TUBE OF COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM! THAT'S ECONOMY, MISTER!



I'm forever growing stubbles....

BUT IT'S A REAL PLEASURE TO SHAVE 'EM OFF SINCE I DISCOVERED SNAG-FREE COMFORT WITH COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM!

GET COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM AT YOUR P. X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE



It isn't magic that Schlitz uses

to produce that famous flavor. The fact is that it takes more than magic to brew a beer *without a trace of bitterness!* Schlitz isn't bitter because it has just the *kiss* of the hops. It costs more to brew beer this way—to discard fine hops before their bitter part is reached. But Schlitz spares no expense to give you *America's most distinguished beer.*



Copy. 1942,
Joh. Schlitz Brewing Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.



JUST THE *Kiss*
OF THE HOPS
none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

August, 1942



is doing a vital wartime job!

Greyhound's nation-wide fleet of buses has a bigger job than ever, for the duration—*keeping vital wartime traffic on the move!* This means carrying selectees to examination centers, fighting men on furloughs, war workers to jobs, troops on urgent movements—as well as business men on essential trips made necessary by wartime activities. Because of present conditions, some changes in service have been made that may result in crowding, inconvenience or delay on some occasions. Please be lenient—and cooperative. Everyone can help several ways—by taking only necessary trips—by traveling on mid-week days, rather than on week-ends, holidays or during rush periods—by getting tickets and information in advance—and by traveling with as little baggage as possible.

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The war effort comes first with Greyhound

GREYHOUND

hikes into the hills a distance of ten or fifteen miles; combat problems; sunrise calisthenics lasting thirty minutes; organized sports such as football, basketball, wrestling, boxing, and many other types of exercise that aid in their toughening, plus many hours in the sunshine to prepare them for any possible duty in the tropics. The Marines are also allowed the use of the El Rancho Santa Fe golf course which is operated by Bing Crosby.

The entire camp has the atmosphere of a large scale recreation camp. Yet, at the rate of one thousand a week these men are being taught the necessary techniques of ocean swimming, and they are built up physically to meet any crisis. Of this program, Brig. Gen. Joseph C. Fegan, Commanding Officer, Infantry Regiment, Second Marine Division, said: "The athletic program plays an important role in the training of tough fighting men, as well as serving as a builder of morale. Del Mar annex will provide adequate facilities for a well-rounded athletic program."

The raising of Colors over this new camp last June 8th designated the once popular resort-track at Del Mar as Camp C. J. Miller as a memorial to that famous Marine sportsman and University of Wisconsin All-America. (Died in 1938.)

Colors were raised and the new camp commissioned by men of the Ninth Regiment, under the command of Col. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., who were the first to be trained at the camp.

The men at Camp Miller are in barracks in the stables that once housed such aristocrats of the turf as *Seabiscuit*, *Specify* and *Ligaroti*; while the officers are housed in the Bing Crosby Turf Club.

Were this a season of peace the camp might well be called, not Camp C. J. Miller, but Camp Carefree, the fashionable Del Mar California health resort by the sea; the camp where a thousand healthy Americans play away a thousand summer days.—W. F. Taylor.

The lads of the **MARINE DETACHMENT, NAVAL AIR STATION, MOFFETT FIELD**, California, are living in deluxe barracks now. The reason for this improvement is the fact that the Navy has officially taken over control of this post again. Seven years ago, this station was turned over to the Army. Recently, at an impressive ceremony attended by Rear Admiral J. W. Greenslade, Commandant of the 12th Naval District and Naval Operating Base, the Navy again took over, with the last Marine Officer to leave the Station seven years ago returning to organize and command the Marine Barracks. He is Lieut. Colonel Walter S. Gaspar, U. S. M. C. (Retd.). The ceremonies were unique in that Admiral Greenslade descended on the field in a blimp and was escorted to the flag by a platoon of snappy-stepping Marines. Commander D. M. Mackey, U.S.N., now in charge of this station, assumed command after Colonel J. K. Nissley, retiring Army Commander, read the orders of transfer and the Army lowered the colors for the last time at Moffett Field.

THE LEATHERNECK

Referring to the deluxe barracks, you should see our new quarters. We are now occupying the super barracks that years ago were the Marine Barracks. Recently vacated by the Army Air Cadets, they have all the comforts of home and no doubt will make softies of us before long. The only drawback these quarters have is lamented by several privates who claim that it's awfully hard to drive shelving nails into a concrete wall. We were previously quartered in the "Splinter City" barracks where a few well placed nails constituted a clothes locker, tie rack and vanity table, all in one.

Promotions have occupied the lime-light recently with Commanding Officer Major W. Gaspar going up to Lieutenant Colonel, and 2nd Lieutenant W. F. Feasley, U. S. M. C. R., stopping momentarily as 1st Lieutenant. We also have some new Pfes. to uphold the prestige of the enlisted personnel. Meet Pfes. D. E. Albright, J. Gmitter, A. E. Hemingway, and M. P. Kogut as of May 1, and Pfes. R. C. Carlson, N. W. Ingersoll, J. R. Dookey, I. W. Lohnes, H. F. Hards, G. K. Glass, G. C. Colby, J. J. Favarula, H. M. Henly, E. P. Barberie, C. P. Filipkowski, and N. A. Claxton, as of June 11.

And while we're on promotions, growl a howl for former yardbird Bingo, canine supplement of the barracks. Bingo is now a full fledged Private and is assuming the duties of assistant driver on all patrol posts, excluding O.D.'s. Bingo is discriminating. It is rumored that he is up for Pfc. but this, according to First Sergeant Schmitt, is definitely out until Bingo learns that he must ask for out, even though it makes no difference to him, in or out. Several jealous privates have attempted to frame him, with little success.

Our softball team, after suffering a minor reverse, has come back strongly to take the league lead. The most satisfying part of this comeback occurred when the team avenged a 4-1 defeat from the Navy's ZP 32 Squadron team with a 11-2 success in a thrilling contest.

Speaking of strenuous athletics, our nearly completed recreation room cannot go without mention. With the assistance of the American Red Cross, our Recreation Room is rapidly becoming completely equipped. Ping-pong, checkers and darts are the leading activities, surrounded by comfortable chairs, divans and writing tables. All the comforts of home and then some. As far as we're concerned, Sherman was a reactionary.

New arrivals include Sergeant J. Whittington; Corporals R. Perrigo, O. Hiltibrand, W. Berg; Private W. Weaver and Private First Class William L. Roberts. Pfc. Roberts comes to us from aboard the USS "Pennsylvania" and was present at Pearl Harbor when you know what happened.

We like it here where the signal's "All Clear"

But we'd much rather be across the sea

On the battle scene, with a full magazine.

—H. M. Henly.

Why Does One Marine Land A Lulu—While Another Only Lands?



Could be that smooth, clean-shaven look some leathernecks get with cool Ingram's!

IT'S true in Guantanamo and Greenland, from Greenwich Village to the Golden Gate—some leathernecks get lots of **attention**—while to others it's just a command! And very often, you'll find that the ones who rate tops in popularity are using Ingram's to promote their face-appeal!

For, there's a definite difference in In-

gram's—an important shaving plus that helps you "put your best face forward" when the schedule calls for shore engagements or inspection by the Cincus.

Why, the instant Ingram's rich, billowing lather comes aboard your chin it starts soaking—softening your beard. Your razor races through, like a bayonet through butter. At the same time, Ingram's is kind to your face—leaves it cool, refreshed, feeling fit as a fiddle!

Step up your shaving speed—build up your face-appeal . . . with Ingram's!



INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM

Product of Bristol-Myers



THERE'S ONE IN EVERY OUTFIT... by *Wally*

There's Dismal Dan left alone with his "B.O." again!

What's the idea of the gas mask?

The poor fellow has to bunk with that guy with "B.O."

Oh heavens! Please don't let that man cut in!

Never fear, Sugar. I'll save you from the clutches of "B.O. Joe"!

Wont he ever get wise to Lifebuoy Soap?

HE'S THE HERMIT OF THE BARRACKS

HE'S THE ONE YOU HATE TO DRAW FOR A TENTMATE

HE'S A SOCIAL MENACE AT YOUR PARTIES

Why does a guy let himself in for "B.O."?

When Lifebuoy stops it so easily—

—and makes you feel so good besides!

It's our first line of defense against "B.O."

USE IT DAILY ... FROM HEAD TO TOE IT STOPS "B.O."

• Largest selling bath soap with our armed forces, Lifebuoy gives you the protection you want against body odor. Its purifying lather takes the offense out of perspiration, keeps you clean and fresh. Helps remove germs. Lathers in cold, hard water. Get Lifebuoy today at your PX.

Here's that man again with a "report from the Mesa" on the news from **HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, TENTH MARINES, SECOND MARINE DIVISION**, at Camp Elliott.

Promotions, listed below, should come first: Second Lieutenant Jesse J. Duckett to First Lieutenant; Sergeants James R. Thomas and Clair V. Finn to Staff Sergeants; Field Cook Carroll White to Chief Cook; Assistant Cook Triumphant Dell Era to Field Cook; Corporal George E. Stone to Sergeant; Sergeants Clement J. Stadler and LeRoy S. Talbott exchanged stripes and bars and are now Second Lieutenants; Pfs. Raymond W. Anderson, Arthur W. Carmichael, Jr., John M. Rushing, Fred M. Zangger, Edward H. Augustine, James L. Bartel and John R. Fortune to Corporals; Privates Paul P. Cornick, Harold R. Dyke and Raymond E. Barbour to Corporals; Privates Kelsey G. Barnes, Charles Odell, Jr., Richard J. Rudzinski, Oliver Lee Edwards, and Robert E. Marks, Jr., to Privates First Class. The Navy Corpsmen: Pharmacist's Mates Third Class Dale G. Adair, Fredrick W. Barrows, Jr., Willard Barnes and Joe Ray Courtney to Pharmacist's Mates Second Class.

Staff Sergeant Clair V. Finn is attending Officers' Candidates Class. Dig in, Finn. We are rooting for you.

Pfe. Clarence J. Held departed to the lot of 20th Century-Fox Studios to attend Camouflage School. What an ideal spot

for study, but I never heard it called Camouflage before. Sergeant George E. Stone departed for San Pedro for Demolition School.

A new record on the obstacle course for **BATTERY O, SECOND BATTALION, TENTH MARINES**, has been set by Pfe. Edward Tulanowski. The battery has really been digging in these days in training.

We have been joined by Second Lieutenant Michael J. Bo.

We've had our share of promotions, including: First Lieutenant Harrison L. Rogers promoted from second lieutenant; First Lieutenant Olin W. Jones from second lieutenant; Corporal Merrill L. Connolly from Pfe; FM First Class J. C. Humphrey from FM; Assistant Cook J. R. Grandeffo from private.

—J. C. Humphrey.

Well, here's second report of **BATTERY F, SECOND BATTALION, TENTH MARINES**, of Camp Elliott since we stopped the habitual hunching of shoulders from Icelandic winds. We look back on our experiences in the land of the midnight sun with pleasure. But it is also pleasant to be getting a lot of this California sunshine.

Some of us are getting badly blistered as we hurry to get rid of our Northern "fish-eaters" complexion. But we have lost no time in getting back to training

boots and preparing for battle with Mr. Moto. Our new additions indicate the Recruit Depots are turning out some mighty fine fighting men, despite the rush.

Recently added junior officers are Lieutenants R. E. Wyer and R. W. Johnson. The battery's commanding officer for more than a year has been Capt. R. C. Hiatt.

We're ready and anxious for action.

—John P. Young.



"Yes, the Marines are giving me foreign service in 1955."

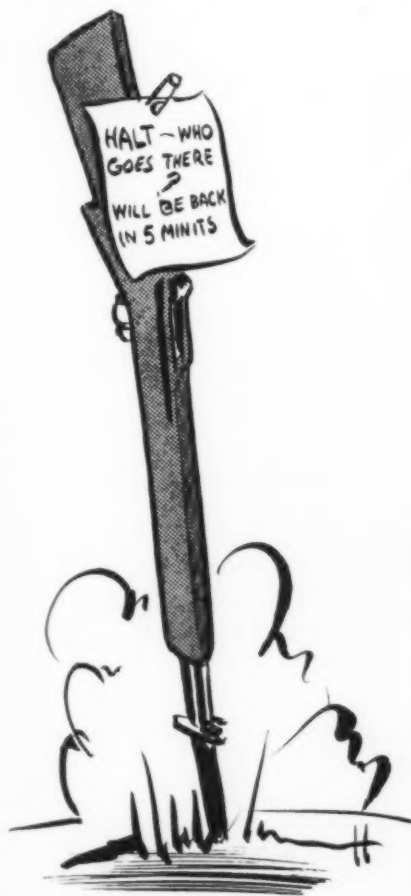
The **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, SECOND BATTALION, NINTH MARINES**, of Camp Elliott, makes its bow in **THE LEATHERNECK** with this issue. The newly-formed battalion has been going through intensive training and seems ready for anything.

Recent promotions include John W. Stauffer from Pfc. to Corporal; William E. Carpenter, Robert C. Dyer, Sebastian S. Famularo, Stanley Hanson and Edwin C. Hart from Pfc. to Corporal. The following men have been rated specialists: Pfc. Romph Berkley, fourth class; Pfc. Aleardo Furlan, Lloyd W. Anderson, Thomas E. Malcomb, Albert E. Julien, in fifth class; Altam E. Myer, Norman G. Elton N. Schrode, Thomas W. Maloney, Jr.—Charles E. Harris.

Here at **BATTERY M, TENTH MARINES, SECOND MARINE DIVISION**, we have a new officer who worked his way up from the ranks. He is Second Lieutenant Clement J. Stadler. A staff sergeant, he was appointed for Candidate's Class and he has just been commissioned.

Gunnery Sergeant William H. Matkins is snapping in for Gunnery Sergeant Fairley A. Hancock's job here with the battery. Hancock is to wear the "bursting bombs" of a Marine Gunner, soon.

First Lieutenant Stulb added the silver bar recently.



August, 1942

Drink a Blue Ribbon Toast to Victory!



...and all America will be joining you!

► Drink a toast to victory! And as you raise your glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon remember this: All over America, millions will be joining you in the enjoyment of this beer that's blended "33 to 1".

Blending—that's the reason for its distinctive flavor. For Pabst Blue Ribbon, like finest champagnes, reaches perfection through blending—a special blending of 33 fine brews that makes every sparkling drop extra-mellow, extra-delicious.

So next time, when you're "at ease" in canteen or cafe, order the handsome dress-parade bottle "with a blue ribbon on it". Blend your thoughts with the folks back home in a "blue ribbon toast to victory".



Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

Copyright 1942, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

33 Fine Brews Blended Into **ONE** Great Beer!

Kenneth L. Dailey is now going around with a couple of sore arms, wide smile and Pfc. stripes. All he has to say is, "It was a tough fight but I finally won."

Private Lynn T. Bailey was married recently.

Well, well, I wonder why all of the Privates have that funny satisfied look on their faces? It seems as though some of the Privates are drawing as much for their first payday as some of the Corporals.

Here's a new one for the books; we are having so much liberty they don't know what to do with. With the new pay raise it will be a little different. Here it is that time again so we will sign off until next month.

A new organization, **THE TRAINING CENTER, FMF, MB, NEW RIVER, N. C.**, was started in June and is commanded by Col. Samuel A. Woods, Jr., with Lieut. Col. Theodore A. Holdahl as executive officer.

Other members of our staff are Capt. Corwin R. Bennett, law officer; Capt. William J. Langfitt, communications and intelligence officer; Capt. Raynor L. Ayers, Jr., provost marshal, with Second Lieutenant John M. Henshaw and Second Lieutenant William H. Ingram, assistant provost marshals; Marine Gunner Hansel T. Beckworth, police officer, and Marine Gunner John D. Kurner, company command of Headquarters and



"Osbourne always takes 'Fall Out' literally."

Service Company Training Center Adjutant.

With Samuel C. Dean as Training Center sergeant major and Warren E. Ray as Company First Sergeant and First Sergeant Lee J. Rand in charge of personnel we are off to a good start.

Our new camp newspaper, *The Word*, really lives up to its name and has really given us the news that we want. We wish to congratulate Second Lieutenant Stavers and his staff for a splendid job of publication. Although the Training Center is still only in its early stage, before long we will have an organization that any

Marine would feel proud to serve in.
—Charles S. Jones.

Some loud noises from **BATTERY P, FIFTH BATTALION, TENTH MARINES**: Many changes have taken place here since Father Time clicked off another month. We had over thirty of our beloved buddies transferred into the Amphibious Corps, Pacific Fleet. Men who have left us included such notable personages as Sergeant-Major Virgil R. Dyer, Platoon Sergeant John Pavelko, Sergeant Button O'Handley, Corp. Saint Cyr, Pvt. Charles P. McGonigle, Pvt. James R. Hall and others. The old barracks don't seem to be the same since they're gone. Good luck to you, old pals, wherever you are called. Two other members in excellent standing who left us to go to the 3rd Bn, 10th Mar., 2d Div, are: Corp. Leon H. Painter and Pvt. James G. David.

Furloughs, "forty-eight's" and more furloughs have been the main topics of conversation around here for the past week or so. Some of the luckier boys have already gone and returned. Others are going from time to time, and still others are pestering the First Sergeant every day to put them on the list for a certain date. It's really a mammoth job for that person to keep all the boys happy, and I believe they have mighty nigh driven him daffy with their hue and cry about furloughs. I've heard that



"... and honey, us marines sure go for Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder. It costs less to use and really cleans and polishes normal teeth. Sweetly, Dr. Lyon's is packed in a handy tin that takes to sea bags like a battlewagon takes to water. The tin stands plenty rough treatment; won't burst open or leak as easily as some tooth paste tubes do. I'll see you soon as I get my Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder."

It's a **"DANDY for SEA BAGS"** The sturdy Dr. Lyon's tin really *stands up and takes a beating*. Will not easily burst or leak. It goes "dandy" in sea bags.



he's going to toss it all aside, and take a few days off for himself very soon.

We have had a few recent promotions. One of the lucky lads was Corporal Sanders, who was promoted to QM Corporal from Private, and is now in charge of the battery trucks. The other lad who made the grade was Field Cook Henry. (Maybe that's the reason our chow is a little better here lately.) D. A. Jacobs has just been appointed (CP) Corporal, and has taken off on furlough to show off his new stripes. We only hope that "Jake" has presence of mind enough to take off his blues before he enters those local rodeos back up there in the woods, and gets "piled" by a sassy brone or steer. We're afraid these couple of years of Marine Corps life have had some tendency to decrease his ability to sit a rolling, pitching mount, no matter how good he was in past performances.

Sergeant Mossio Muth was married recently. We take this opportunity to congratulate him and wish him the best of luck.

Two of our outstanding young men, Sergeant Donald Sass and Corporal John Woodward, have become officer candidates at Green Farm. Best wishes to Sass and Woodward.—A. G. Moore.

The scene is a railway station in Minneapolis. The time is late evening in mid-January, 1942. About a dozen men are lined up, two deep, in one corner of the station. Suitcases in hand, they are waiting to board the train for San Diego and Marine "Boot Camp." As they walk out on the platform beside the train, one or two talk with friends or relatives, one fellow kisses his sweetheart goodbye. But the rest of the men just hunch their shoulders against the cold wind and wish they had someone to see them off.

And it was on that cold station platform that Staff Sergeant Don Braman, U.S.M.C., got the germ of the idea for **SEMPER FIDELIS CLUB, INC.** Why couldn't the sisters and sweethearts of men already in the Marines get together and give new recruits a good send-off?

Well, they could—and they do now. Every night, except Sunday, women from Semper Fidelis, Inc.—mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of U. S. Marines—"Kiss the Boys Goodbye."

The first step was to get in touch with some Minneapolis women who had husbands, brothers, sons or sweethearts in the Marines. Staff Sergeant Braman talked to Sally Delaney, who has a brother in the Marines, and Neil Davidson, secretary-treasurer of the Minnesota Marine Club. Davidson got in touch with Mrs. George Ludeke, who was made temporary chairman and later elected president of the organization. Her son is a lieutenant in the Corps.

This group, with several other women formed the nucleus of the club which now numbers 175 paid members. All through the Spring this group worked—getting names and writing and calling women in some way connected with the Marine Corps. The Minneapolis Marine



Something you should know



ANGELA GREENE is a tall, willowy, blue-eyed blonde; she's a magazine-cover model, and she has everything it takes to make you look twice at any magazine! Angela likes swimming, bowling, dancing, and . . . "I like a man to look neat as a pin," says Angela, "and I'm just crazy about uniforms. Incidentally, I think a Shinola shine on a man's shoes gives any uniform a touch of *extra dash!*"

What every man should know about quick, lasting shines!

WITH that hint from Angela, men, here's a tip: Shinola brings you a special blend of costly waxes that add up to a *triple-action* shine. Watch Shinola buff smoothly to a brilliant *polish* in two minutes flat . . . see how it protects leather against dust and minor scuffs. Note how *long* your Shinola shine lasts. To *keep* looking your best—use Shinola regularly! Try it today in paste or liquid. Or get the complete Shinola Service Kit.



For Sale at All Post Exchanges, Commissaries, Canteens, or Ships' Service Stores

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(WIN-BY-A-NOSE)
HOPE**



**TIPPING YOU GUYS OFF
TO PICK PEPSODENT**

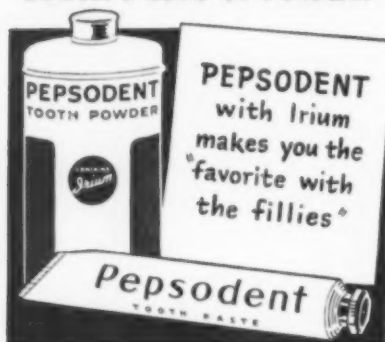


**AND YOU'LL ALWAYS
BE IN THERE WITH**



**THE GIRL FRIEND
NECK-N-NECK—
use**

PEPSODENT
Tooth Paste or Powder



Recruiting Office gave much valuable assistance toward making the organization of Semper Fidelis, Inc. successful.

Mayor Marvin L. Kline of Minneapolis declared the week U. S. Marine Appreciation Week. And all of Minneapolis turned out to show with a huge parade that it really was Marine Appreciation Week.

Led by an open car in which the mayor of Minneapolis and Minnesota's favorite marine, Lt.-Col. Bernard (Bernie) Bierman, were riding, the parade was viewed by enthusiastic thousands on Nicollet Avenue, despite the threat of rain.

Every night that recruits leave Minneapolis, several Semper Fidelis girls are at the station to give the men their packages and letters and to get them started to camp in the right mood. Since men from North and South Dakota as well as men from Minnesota and Minneapolis leave from the Minneapolis depot, many of them do not have their friends or families at the station. These men especially seem to appreciate the cheery farewells and letters from the girls engaged in "Kissing the Boys Goodbye." One sergeant complains, however, because the girls do not carry out the title of their committee, literally.

Requests have come from as far away as Oakland, California and Washington, D. C., for membership in Minneapolis'

Semper Fidelis, Inc. It is not improbable that the club will become national in scope and include the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of all U. S. Marines. If there are any women interested in forming local chapters of Semper Fidelis, Inc., the Minneapolis club will be glad to give information about securing charters for new groups. Address all correspondence to Semper Fidelis, Inc., Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis, Minnesota. —Ardis L. Parker.

The Tower of the Sun has been torn down and Treasure Island in San Francisco is being groomed for its new role of Navy base and training center. It has been a year since the **MARINE DETACHMENT, TREASURE ISLAND**, landed on the former World's Fair site and were quartered in the old "Delta Queen" with First Lieutenant Martin W. Storm commanding.

Lieut. Storm has climbed to the rank of major and has been transferred. The present C. O. is Major Allan I. Schmulian. Capt. Chester R. Milham is the new Executive officer.

With the exception of the NCO's, the entire enlisted strength is made up of men with only six months in the Corps, and, judging by the many compliments paid Major Schmulian, are doing splen-



Semper Fidelis Club members in Marine Appreciation Week parade up Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis. Jean Black and Dorothy Bauer, holding banner, have sweethearts in Sixth Marines. In center is Sally Delaney, one of the club founders, who has brother in Corps.

THE LEATHERNECK

Raleigh



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August, 1942



Give Your Hair a Leatherneck Snap and Smartness— Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS is famous all over the globe for the military neatness and "snap" of its men and material! Be sure your hair is as "ready for inspection" as your rifle. Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" to help keep hair neatly groomed and handsome . . . to combat the dulling, deadening effects of sizzling sun and soaking shower baths.

Simply apply Vitalis to your lazy scalp and rub briskly. Your scalp loses its tightness as circulation is increased. Yes, and your hair has a good-looking lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural oils of the

scalp. You'll find it's easy to comb—easy to keep in place. And there's not a single trace of an objectionable "patent-leather" look!

Make a daily maneuver of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"—get a bottle of Vitalis at the handiest drug or service store as soon as you get a chance. Have a smart-looking, neat-looking head of hair that will highlight your trim appearance on active duty and with attractive dates!

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AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Helps Keep Hair Healthy and Handsome



didly. A regular school period is held each day and the men are now familiar with many of the weapons used in guard and riot duty as well as close and extended order drill.

Promotions at Treasure Island have been relatively slow due to the assimilation of many Class IV reserves for guard duty. However, Sergeant Haire and Sergeant Cabral were promoted to platoon sergeants and several men made Pfc. warrants.

Recently the detachment moved into an ultra-modern barracks, just constructed, and work is being completed on the front lawn which is the pride and joy of all the men. Police Sergeant Eaton is largely responsible for the beauty of the lawn, having erected two white flag poles for the colors, and constructed a large concrete emblem embedded in the soft grass. Flowers have been planted along the inside boundaries of the plot, greatly enhancing the appearance of the olive-drab building.

A field music has been acquired from San Diego and all calls are being sounded in the "G. I." manner.

Few Marines need be told of the caliber of liberties to be had in San Francisco and some find the many adjacent cities even more fascinating, so that, come liberty call, all off duty are sure to be "shore side."

The last rays of the setting sun are bathing the Island with gold and the graceful Golden Gate Bridge is already blinking its chain of lights, so it's shore side for your correspondent, and Aloha.

—By E. G. Sheridan, Jr.

It's the **MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL OPERATING BASE, ARGENTIA, NEWFOUNDLAND**, sounding off again. Just a short review of the past month and a few high lights of our tour of duty here in Newfoundland. Promotions are still coming but there are too many to mention all the names. The high light of the week has been the salmon run, and believe us they sure know the word *fight*. Captain Charles H. Cowles, U.S.M.C., has proven to us that he is a very fine fisherman as well as an angling instructor.

During the past month the Marines have taken first place in the softball league with a very high lead. It has now come down to the point of the Base Championship and in the next issue of **THE LEATHERNECK** we will be able to give you the final score. Basketball is the next sport and our team is ready for action.

Recent transfers has returned QM Sgt. Mack H. Bell to the States for duty. The fisherman of the base will miss his fish tales and fine sportsmanship. Corporal Leroy D. Nearhoof has been confined to the hospital with a fracture and we all hope that he will return to the line up for our series game with the Contractors of the Base. The time is short as drill call goes, so we will close, fellow Leathernecks, and hope to have more news for you next month.

—Jack C. Harvey.

THE LEATHERNECK

THE GAZETTE

As of 9 July, 1942, the enlisted strength of the United States Marine Corps was 85,786 regulars and 52,680 reserves on active duty, 29 retired on active duty, which gives an aggregate of 138,495 strong.

FIRST SERGEANT ELIGIBLE LIST

From: Lieutenant Colonel John Dixon, U.S.M.C., Retired, Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps.
To: The Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps.
Subject: Noncommissioned Officer Promotion Board, report of.

1. In accordance with the above reference a Noncommissioned Officer Promotion Board consisting of myself as senior member, Lieutenant Colonel John E. Curry, U.S.M.C., as member, Captain Robert M. O'Toole, U.S.M.C., as member, Captain Elmer E. Barde, U.S.M.C., as member, and Second Lieutenant John J. Rogers, U.S.M.C., as member and recorder, met for the purpose of preparing a roster for promotion to the grade of First Sergeant and to select certain men for promotion to the grade of Platoon Sergeant.

2. The members of the Board having considered the cases of the candidates recommended, as listed in the attached enclosure, the Board recommends that the names of the following candidates be placed on eligible lists in the order named:

1. Hunter, Caldwell N., Pl. Sgt.
2. Malcolm, Howard, Pl. Sgt.
3. Krieger, Conrad, St. Sgt. (RW: 1st Sgt.)
4. Whitted, Carl, Pl. Sgt.
5. Randolph, Charles R., Pl. Sgt.
6. Ewing, Elmer A., Pl. Sgt.
7. Freedman, Julius, Pl. Sgt.
8. Wilburn, Richmond, Gun. Sgt.
9. Jones, John D., Pl. Sgt.
10. Coffinbarger, Noble B., Pl. Sgt.
11. Charpentier, Emile A., St. Sgt. (RW: SS)
12. McCullough, Herbin C., Pl. Sgt.
13. Howard, John R., 1st Sgt. (OW)
14. Norris, Frank J., Pl. Sgt.
15. Carew, George M., Pl. Sgt.
16. Petrey, Marshal, Pl. Sgt.
17. Waford, Ray, Pl. Sgt.
18. McGrath, Francis P., Pl. Sgt.
19. Wisniewski, Anthony J., Pl. Sgt.
20. Bumgarner, Alvin A., Pl. Sgt.
21. Williams, Harold B., Pl. Sgt.
22. Pelletier, George J., Pl. Sgt.
23. Stephens, Hubert M., Pl. Sgt.
24. Terrell, James C., Pl. Sgt.
25. Payne, Walter J., Pl. Sgt.
26. Wall, William C., St. Sgt. (RW: SS)
27. Arbes, Sylvester J., 1st Sgt. (OW)
28. Mussett, Jack A., Pl. Sgt.
29. Hessert, George W., Pl. Sgt.
30. Koon, Raymond E., Pl. Sgt.
31. Huddy, Gilbert V., Pl. Sgt.
32. Konopa, Thomas J., St. Sgt. (OofC)
33. Zawadzki, Chester M., Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
34. Reynolds, David L., Pl. Sgt.
35. Elder, Edward E., Pl. Sgt.
36. England, Robert H., Pl. Sgt.
37. Kates, James H., Pl. Sgt.
38. Morris, Carroll A., Pl. Sgt.
39. Palermo, Carmen, Pl. Sgt.
40. La Plante, Ervin E., Pl. Sgt.
41. Friedman, Israel, Pl. Sgt.
42. Salley, Henry R., St. Sgt.
43. Gerschoffer, Matthew J., Pl. Sgt.
44. Watson, Stanley F., Pl. Sgt.
45. Snyder, John R., Pl. Sgt.
46. Rawlings, Robert B., Jr., Pl. Sgt.
47. Kaehler, Ernest C., St. Sgt.
48. Hoce, Jean E., Pl. Sgt.
49. Williams, Robert A., Pl. Sgt.
50. Colwell, Jess R., Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
51. Gurian, Irving D., Pl. Sgt.
52. Morrisette, Joseph H., Pl. Sgt.
53. Ramsey, George T., Pl. Sgt.
54. King, Alfred D., Pl. Sgt.
55. La Tour, Harry A., Jr., Pl. Sgt.
56. McClellan, Earl W., Pl. Sgt.
57. Stock, Edgar B., St. Sgt.
58. Meighen, William A., Pl. Sgt.
59. Hurwitz, Samuel, St. Sgt.
60. Chambers, Paul W., Pl. Sgt.
61. Harford, Edward J., Pl. Sgt.
62. Mansfield, James E., Pl. Sgt.
63. Shealy, Clyde W., Pl. Sgt.
64. Carlton, Edwin T., Pl. Sgt.
65. Wright, John A., Pl. Sgt.
66. Fowler, Murray G., Pl. Sgt.
67. Ellenberger, John, Pl. Sgt.
68. Avery, George E., Pl. Sgt.
69. McMillan, William F., Pl. Sgt.
70. Guilbeau, Charles R., Pl. Sgt.
71. Humphrey, Andy "B.", St. Sgt.
72. Widestrom, Charles B., Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
73. Foster, Robert E., Pl. Sgt.
74. O'Brien, Willard M., St. Sgt.
75. Runyan, Richard C., Pl. Sgt.
76. Bishop, Jack R., Pl. Sgt.

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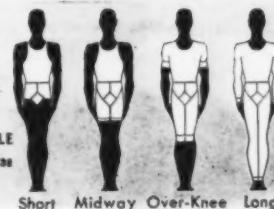


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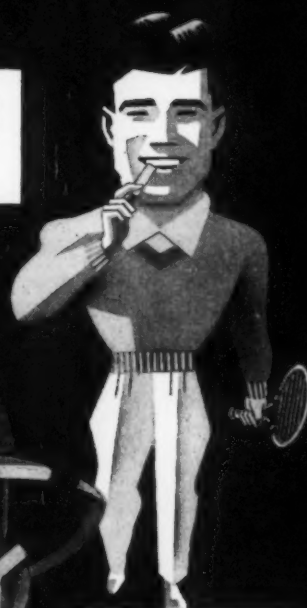
Magazine of the U. S. Marines

Marine Barracks, 8th and Eye, S. E., Washington, D. C.

35 CENTS PER COPY

77. Harrington, James H., Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 78. Brennan, James F., Pl. Sgt.
 79. Garrison, Melvin E., Pl. Sgt.
 80. Dowda, Gordon L., Pl. Sgt.
 81. Rachal, John E., Jr., Pl. Sgt.
 82. Ray, Hansel, Pl. Sgt.
 83. Dingwall, David R., Pl. Sgt.
 84. Bihm, Francis F., Pl. Sgt.
 85. Orr, James H., Pl. Sgt.
 86. Robbins, Burr W., Pl. Sgt.
 87. Register, George G., Pl. Sgt.
 88. Mayo, Milford M., Pl. Sgt.
 89. Plucinsky, Edward S., Pl. Sgt.
 90. Malara, Louis J., Pl. Sgt.
 91. Laney, Edward B., Pl. Sgt.
 92. Haskell, William, Pl. Sgt.
 93. Brown, Gerald A., Pl. Sgt.
 94. Mizelle, Tracy P., Pl. Sgt.
 95. Soltys, Frank M., Pl. Sgt.
 96. Seagle, Charles W., Pl. Sgt.
 97. Camp, Lewis J., Pl. Sgt.
 98. Schneider, George R., Jr., Pl. Sgt.
 99. Anderson, Eugene, Pl. Sgt.
 100. Pinos, Gerald L., Pl. Sgt.
 101. Chandler, Clyde H., Pl. Sgt.
 102. Grafton, Paul "R.", Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 103. Smith, Howard B., Pl. Sgt.
 104. Teklinski, Henry S., St. Sgt.
 105. Berwanger, Joseph A., Pl. Sgt.
 106. Litka, Albert L., 1st Sgt. (OofC)
 107. Golden, Edwin L., Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 108. Mitchell, Thomas R., Pl. Sgt.
 109. Grounds, James "D." Jr., Pl. Sgt.
 110. Murray, George S., Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 111. Bracken, Frederick N., Pl. Sgt.
 112. Thompson, Robert A., Pl. Sgt.
 113. Tobin, John P., Pl. Sgt.
 114. Doore, George W., Pl. Sgt.
 115. Schaubel, Charles H., St. Sgt. (RW: 1st Sgt.)
 116. Baker, David H., Pl. Sgt.
 117. Koller, John R., Pl. Sgt.
 118. Wolczak, Stanislaus M., St. Sgt.
 119. Cottrell, Frederick J., Pl. Sgt.
 120. Arnett, Miles K., Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 121. Bibb, Orville L., St. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 122. Bateman, Harry E., Pl. Sgt.
 123. Meshauk, Leo L., Pl. Sgt.
 124. Wolfe, Gordon S., Pl. Sgt.
 125. Butz, Peter P., Pl. Sgt.
 126. Blanch, James J., Pl. Sgt.
 127. Hawk, Charles M., St. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 128. Kirkwood, Kenneth F., Pl. Sgt.
 129. Oliver, Jesse W., Pl. Sgt.
 130. Searth, Tony J., St. Sgt.
 131. McArthur, Harold D., Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 132. Conley, Wilbur C., Pl. Sgt.
 133. Angers, Charles J., Pl. Sgt.
 134. Chiappetta, Santo J., St. Sgt.
 135. Stuart, Charles E., Jr., Pl. Sgt. (RW: 1st Sgt.)
 136. Helt, Harry N., Pl. Sgt.
 137. Smolen, Alexander P., Pl. Sgt.
 138. Green, George W., Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 139. Taylor, Charles H., St. Sgt. (RW: SS)
 140. Gunderson, Robert C., Pl. Sgt.
 141. Whitlock, Claude L., St. Sgt.
 142. Davis, Baylus B., Pl. Sgt.
 143. Rider, John W., Pl. Sgt.
 144. Skorich, John E., 1st Sgt. (OW)
 145. Chambers, Alton B., Pl. Sgt.
 146. Adams, James A., Pl. Sgt.
 147. Gale, Joseph P., St. Sgt.
 148. Hansen, Sigmund P., Jr., Pl. Sgt.
 149. Akemon, John, Pl. Sgt.
 150. Mangum, Thornwell R., Pl. Sgt.
 151. McMullen, William P., Pl. Sgt.
 152. Howe, George W., Pl. Sgt.
 153. Caron, Alfred C., Pl. Sgt.
 154. Mitchell, Emmett L., Pl. Sgt.
 155. Werner, Harry J., Pl. Sgt.
 156. Hurd, Arthur O., 1st Sgt. (OW)
 157. Free, Marvin D., Pl. Sgt. (1st Sgt.: RW)
 158. Gunst, William J., Pl. Sgt.
 159. Ray, Clifton H., St. Sgt. (1st Sgt.: RW)
 160. McNeill, Edward B., Jr., Pl. Sgt.
 161. Preston, Ralph C., St. Sgt.
 162. Lowthers, Clinton A., Pl. Sgt.
 163. Bailey, Michael L., Pl. Sgt. (St. Sgt.: RW)
 164. Howard, Frank L., St. Sgt. (St. Sgt.: RW)
 165. Coreno, Joseph A., Pl. Sgt.
 166. Burt, Frederick W., Pl. Sgt.
 167. Vroegindewey, Robert "J.", Pl. Sgt.
 168. Rapson, Herbert N., St. Sgt.
 169. Martin, Jack H., Pl. Sgt.
 170. Young, Andrew M., Pl. Sgt.
 171. Daskalakis, John A., Pl. Sgt.
 172. Preys, Louis R. F., Jr., St. Sgt.
 173. Krivonak, Edward J., St. Sgt.
 174. Addis, William C., Pl. Sgt.
 175. Fox, Roy L., Pl. Sgt.
 176. Shelmutt, John C., St. Sgt.
 177. Sherlock, John J., Pl. Sgt.
 178. Langston, Isaac C., Pl. Sgt.
 179. Contreras, George J., Pl. Sgt.
 180. Collins, Jesse R., St. Sgt.
 181. Gleason, William R., Pl. Sgt.
 182. Kuchta, John, St. Sgt.
 183. Marshall, Henry R., III, Pl. Sgt.
 184. Everett, Francis C., Jr., St. Sgt.
 185. Shoemaker, Arthur L., St. Sgt.
 186. Bodnar, John J., Pl. Sgt.
 187. Christenson, Marius W., Pl. Sgt.
 188. Peterson, Lowell, St. Sgt.

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W-178

189. Harwood, Edward A., Pl. Sgt.
190. Wakefield, Davies E., St. Sgt.
191. Tatum, Frank P., Jr., Pl. Sgt.
192. Kennedy, Kenneth W., Pl. Sgt.
193. Holcombe, Paul J., Pl. Sgt.
194. Ziegler, Roy V., St. Sgt. (St. Sgt.: RW)
195. Beckelman, Harry M., Pl. Sgt.
196. Wells, Robert W., St. Sgt. (St. Sgt.: RW)
197. Feccia, William P., Pl. Sgt.
198. Morgan, John J., Jr., Pl. Sgt.
199. Patrick, Cecil L., Pl. Sgt.
200. Vance, William E., Pl. Sgt.
201. Bestwick, Wilbur, Pl. Sgt.
202. Arbacas, William V., Pl. Sgt.
203. Bury, Joseph J., Pl. Sgt.
204. Weed, Alton C., St. Sgt.
205. Hogan, James A., Pl. Sgt.
206. Harrison, Joseph B., Pl. Sgt.
207. Martello, Salvatore F., St. Sgt.
208. Doggett, Thomas E., Pl. Sgt.
209. Higginbotham, Robert L., Pl. Sgt.
210. Rocheleau, Adolph A., Pl. Sgt.
211. Garvey, James M., Pl. Sgt.
212. Bailey, Roy C., Pl. Sgt.
213. Nelson, Harold E., Pl. Sgt.
214. McGuire, James L., Pl. Sgt.
215. McDaniel, William H., Pl. Sgt.
216. Robinson, Raymond M., Pl. Sgt.
217. Bruns, Thomas A., Pl. Sgt.
218. Arnold, Ray W., Pl. Sgt.
219. Ratterree, Horace A., Pl. Sgt.
220. Robertson, Charles S., Pl. Sgt.
221. Weaver, Lorian A., St. Sgt.
222. Wright, Thomas J., Pl. Sgt.
223. Gridlewski, Aloysius C., St. Sgt.
224. Ezell, Forrest H., Pl. Sgt.
225. Hines, Herbert L., Pl. Sgt.
226. Woodward, Ray, Jr., St. Sgt.
227. Oliver, Howard W., St. Sgt. (Avia.)
228. Speer, Emory, St. Sgt.
229. Shinn, Leo B., Pl. Sgt.
230. Neill, William J., Pl. Sgt.
231. Carter, Noah B., St. Sgt.
232. Whitten, Orris B., Pl. Sgt.
233. Holberg, Robert L., St. Sgt. (RW: SS)
234. Summar, James L., Pl. Sgt.
235. Gibbs, Randolph M., Pl. Sgt.
236. Goldsmith, George J., Pl. Sgt.
237. Lloyd, Warren F., Pl. Sgt.
238. Hay, Clyde C., St. Sgt.
239. Dodds, William H., Pl. Sgt.
240. Crookham, Perry E., Pl. Sgt.
241. Eatey, Ralph F., Pl. Sgt.
242. Lockley, Dan H., Pl. Sgt.
243. Keck, Warren H., Pl. Sgt.
244. Wensel, Revis E., Pl. Sgt.
245. Henry, Roper, Pl. Sgt.
246. Addis, William J., Pl. Sgt.
247. Bartyzel, Henry R., St. Sgt.
248. Judge, William F., Pl. Sgt.
249. Adams, William C., Pl. Sgt.
250. Rubenstein, Solomon, St. Sgt.
251. Bell, William C., Pl. Sgt.
252. Doremus, Horace J., St. Sgt.
253. Mollica, Michael, Pl. Sgt. (RW: SS)
254. Blasingame, James T., Pl. Sgt.
255. Johnson, Philip C., Pl. Sgt.
256. West, William R., St. Sgt.
257. Childs, James "T.", Pl. Sgt.
258. Martin, Gene C., Pl. Sgt.
259. Hornak, Joseph J., Pl. Sgt.
260. Rizzo, John J., St. Sgt.
261. Carcelli, Thomas, Pl. Sgt.
262. Cullom, John H., Pl. Sgt.
263. Daehler, Bernard A., Pl. Sgt.
264. Hill, Elmer D., Pl. Sgt.
265. Priestley, John M., St. Sgt.
266. Anderson, Walter E., Jr., St. Sgt. (Avia.)
267. Geisler, Hicks, Pl. Sgt.
268. Wilson, Marshall W., Pl. Sgt.
269. Davidson, Clayton L., 1st Sgt. (OW)
270. McNally, Charles E., St. Sgt.
271. Lakness, Norman A., Pl. Sgt.
272. Terry, Robert A., Pl. Sgt.
273. Schneider, Raymond J., St. Sgt.
274. Felbert, Abraham, St. Sgt.
275. Brown, Harold R., Pl. Sgt.
276. O'Connell, James J., St. Sgt.
277. Gaylor, William D., Pl. Sgt.
278. Borsheim, Alfred J., St. Sgt.
279. Goldberg, Abram A., St. Sgt.
280. Oetjen, Joseph F., Pl. Sgt.
281. Sichel, Howard M., Pl. Sgt.
282. Adams, James J., St. Sgt.
283. Sherbondy, Arthur L., St. Sgt.
284. Schwarz, Joseph, Sergeant
- *Is to be authorized to First Sergeant subsequent to his being made a Platoon Sergeant.
- The following named sergeants have satisfactorily completed the subjects covered in the First Sergeants' Schools recently held at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, and the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California, and as they have not attained the rank of Platoon Sergeant, it is recommended that they be advanced to the rank of Platoon Sergeant in the order named:
- Schwarz, Joseph, Sergeant
 - Cooper, Roderick R., Sergeant
 - Abbott, Albert H., Sergeant
4. Barker, Lloyd W., Sergeant
5. Catlyn, Robert F., Sergeant
6. Combs, Douglas V., Sergeant
7. Huffer, Paul E., Sergeant
8. Wirth, John W., Jr., Sergeant
9. Winterstein, William E., Sergeant
10. Kreutz, William S., Sergeant
11. Gustafson, Thomas D., Sergeant
12. *Smith, Harry K., Sergeant
13. Lloyd, Jimmie L., Sergeant
14. Bolger, Harold M., Sergeant
15. Compton, Albert L., Sergeant
16. *Bandyk, Walter A., Sergeant
17. Davis, Fairfax E., Sergeant
18. Farmer, Chester V., Sergeant
19. Scott, Thomas D., Sergeant
20. Hardin, Emory V., Jr., Sergeant
21. Zukoski, Charles J., Sergeant
22. Dunn, Orville O., Sergeant
23. Whiteside, William T., Sergeant
24. Howes, James H., Sergeant (Avia.)
25. Bartling, Melvin C., Sergeant
26. Gemmell, Ronald H., Sergeant
- *The Board recommends the promotion of these two men to the rank of Platoon Sergeant only.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT MAJOR

Edwards, George T.	Litchenberg, Martin J.
Rogers, Cecil J.	Marcus, Bernard
Wallace, William, Jr.	Murphy, Frank J.
Barriack, William B.	Smith, William
Reiman, Arthur B.	Speight, Chat
Villegas, Ernest D.	Street, Raymond J.
Zimmerman, Wendell T.	Walston, Willie M.
Hynes, George E.	Watson, Henry L.
Cresion, John	Matthieu, Glenn M.
Dauph, Walter M.	Krieger, Emil M.
Harrison, Fred	Plamer, Thomas C., Jr.
Larsen, Charles	Terry, Escar L.

TO MASTER GUNNERY SERGEANT

Bonner, Samuel J.	Crapser, George A.
Quarter, William E.	Shumate, Robert P.
Schwartz, Kenneth I.	

TO MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT

Branam, Henry B.	Turner, Herschell
Neus, Charles E.	Alexander, Lewis R.
Garner, Jackson L.	Conyus, Walter H.
Lindquist, Marcie O.	Edmondson, James W.
Alexander, Lewis R.	Galvin, Robertson H.
Frazier, Howard C.	Greene, William W.
Walsh, Kenneth A.	Hewitt, Charles W.

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McCoy, Kenneth R.
Mucciarone, Domenick
Murphy, Robert F.
Pittante, Frank R.
Rooney, Francis J.
Doggett, Loy L.
Edwards, Chancy M.

TO QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
Hale, Charles H.
Colbert, Thomas F.
Billert, Eugene R.
Brooks, Willie W.
Cowles, Paul B.
Goodwin, Lamar A.
Hardy, Harris M.

TO PAYMASTER SERGEANT
Burrill, Ray M.
Buschman, Billy F.
George, Reginald M.
Hudock, John C.
Lockard, Marcus D.

TO FIRST SERGEANT
Gardner, William E.
(Line)
Gates, Orris A., Jr.
Leath, James G.
Skorich, John F.
(Org.)
Davidson, Clayton L.
(Org.)
Turner, Fred L. (Ord.)
Dumas, Bernard R.
Passino, Anton N.
Abbott, John O.
Allen, Wilbur C.
Amos, Raymond L.
Da Vanon, Frank J.
Davis, Ralph A.
Heindel, George
Heinrichs, Michael L.
(Line)

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT
Wood, Cecil L.
Barrow, John T.
Bickart, Charles M.
Bolton, Virgil T.
Smith, Emil C.
Biffle, Royle L.
De Witt, Edgar E.
Dixon, Alexander
Dezak, Wladislaw A.
Lumley, Claude W.
Fetcho, Walter B.
(Org.)
Goss, Angus R. (Org.)
Betts, Lawrence (Org.)

Lenn, Stanley C.
Morgan, Conrad J.
Morrison, George F.
Nasi, Adiel H.
Nasi, Wayne
Rupakus, Paul J.
Senour, Grant M.
Smith, Charles McD.
Smith, Clayton W.
Stoughton, Charles E.

Mohley, Winston S.
McKean, Edgar A.
Wood, Edward R.
Woodburn, Jack E., Jr.
Laemmer, Oscar

King, Homer
Malasinski, John S.
Mericanante, John S.
McDowell, Julian A.
Balentour, James V.
Woodward, Richard O.
Crawford, Donald H.
Dean, Paul R.
Dirst, Lloyd V.
Cearnal, William H.
Gee, Barlow R.
Howard, Francis H.
Largey, Louis R.
Lusk, Glenn W.
Morton, Douglas K.
Wood, Thomas T.
Clancy, William S.
Kosovich, Peter

Bevens, Lynthol
(Ord.)
Haines, Clinton F.
(Org.)
Lowell, Clarence M.
(Ord.)
McKevitt, Gerald A.
(Org.)
Nagel, Elmer A. (Org.)
Price, Clifford D.
(Org.)
Stackpole, William E.
(Org.)

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT

Hallman, Louis C.
(QM.)
Kuhns, Henry F.
(QM.)
Sewell, Charles R.
(Comm.)
Unterkoefler, George J.
(Comm.)
Hoffman, James L.
(QM.)
O'Dowd, Richard C.
(Fire)
Jacobs, Clarence E.
(QM.)
Caprio, Carmen
(Avia.)
Keisler, Spurgeon C.
(Org.)
Jones, Frederick B., Jr.
(BAK)
Buchanan, James L.
(Fire)
Parrish, Bill E. (Fire)
Auvil, Arthur H.
(Fire)
Stracilo, Alvin (Avia.)
Adams, Billie S.
(Avia.)
Beale, Edward G.
(Avia.)
Beard, Herbert W.
(Avia.)
Brown, Vaner N.
(Avia.)
Buchanan, Robert G.
(Avia.)
Danner, Rowland E.
(Avia.)
Dexter, Edgar G.
(Avia.)
Franzen, Henry L.
(Avia.)
Gilbert, Robert A.
(Avia.)
Green, Standish
(Avia.)
Hamilton, Robert L.
(Avia.)
Havens, Paul T.
(Avia.)
Huber, Walter L.
(Avia.)
Kelly, Gene R.
(Avia.)
Kuchinsky, Alexander, Jr. (Avia.)
La Rose, Vernon A.
(Avia.)
Lyster, Joseph P.
(Avia.)
Mangrum, William K.
(Avia.)

Burgess, Ralph W.
(Pay)
Comeaux, Eldridge M.
(Pay)
Cook, Andrew N., Jr.
(Pay)
Craumer, Luther C.
(Pay)
Danielski, Harry R.
(Pay)
Doxey, Oliver E.
(Pay)
Drake, Sidney E.
(Pay)
Hansberry, Dean R.
(Pay)
Larimer, Robert H.
(Pay)
Leadon, Robert A.
(Pay)
Miksa, Michael A.
(Pay)
Rodgers, Stanley J.
(Pay)
Slavin, Leo F.
(Pay)
Whitehouse, Walter W.
(Pay)
Young, George A.
(Pay)
Darnell, James B.
(QM.)
Perry, Jesse C.
(QM.)
Sutts, Ben (QM.)
Cook, Elphard L.
(QM.)
Garceau, Frederick K.
(QM.)
Giff, Louie E. (QM.)
Graven, George W.
(QM.)
Grochowski, John
(QM.)
Hunt, Thomas DeW.
(QM.)
Kline, Howard G.
(QM.)
White, Joseph
(QM.)
Arceneaux, Ewell J.
(Avia.)
Brandt, William C.
(Avia.)
Glanzer, Calvin R.
(Avia.)
Heacox, William J.
(Avia.)
Kirk, Malcolm MacP.
(Avia.)
Marshall, Andrew F.
(Avia.)



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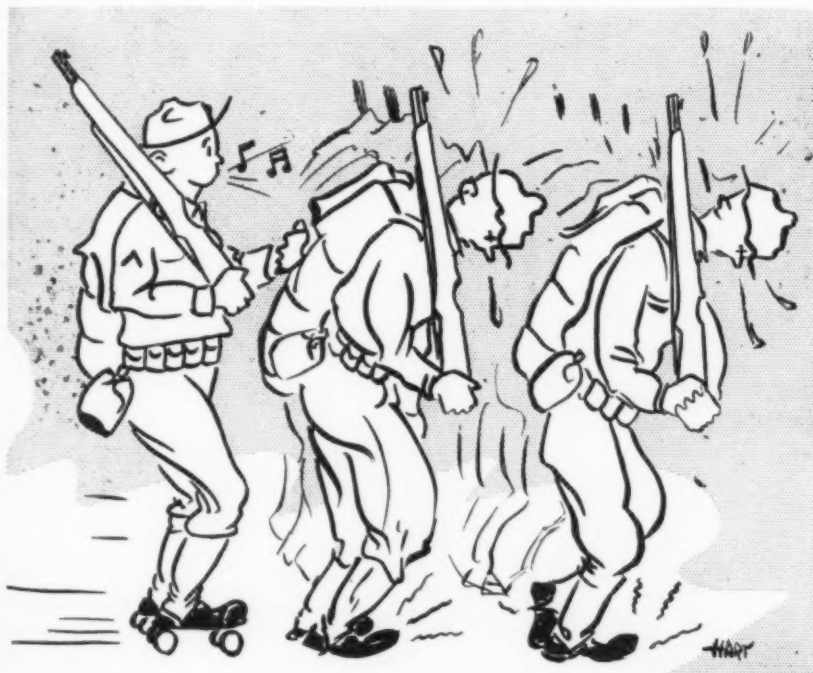
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Williams, John M.
(Avia.)
Willis, Henry E.
(Avia.)
Wood, Charles E.
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Rice, Eliza L.
(Comm.)
Blankenship, Thomas
P. (Pay Dept.)
Murphy, Thomas G.,
Jr. (Avia.)
Edwards, Chancy M.
(QM.)
Meneghini, Louis A.
(Avia.)
Mikesell, Richard M.
(Avia.)
Oyster, Richard W.
(Avia.)
Panchision, Walter
(Avia.)
Pearson, Norman C.
(Avia.)
Potts, Ivan H.
(Avia.)
Risner, Albert H.
(Avia.)
Slater, James D.
(Avia.)
Stamford, Edward P.
(Avia.)
Stoddard, Charles A.
(Avia.)
Todd, Adrian T.
(Avia.)

TO SUPPLY SERGEANT

Campbell, Leonard A.
(QM.)
Engelman, Frederick
R. (QM.)
Johnson, Loren M.
(QM.)
Perkins, Delmer C.
(QM.)
Wulk, John J., Jr.
(QM.)
Boze, Robert E.
(QM.)

TO PLATOON SERGEANT

Bohner, Jacob W.
(Org.)
Buntin, Joseph S.
(Org.)
Cafarella, Joseph G.
(Org.)
Carrigan, Charles F.
(Org.)
Crill, Pete A. (Org.)
Willman, Orville A.
(Org.)
Wilson, Douglas H.
(Ord.)
Friman, Arthur V.
(Ord.)
Sorenson, Carl (Line)
Rix, Robert (Line)
Kipp, John D.
Gebhardt, Charles H.
Levin, Harold L.
Miller, Stanley G.
Mitchell, John A.
McCants, Leslie D.
Pace, Walter J.
Parsons, Harvey L.
Pink, George L.
Robertson, Paul L.
Ruhberg, George T.
Sprinlock, Christopher
M.
Stewart, Kenneth R.
Towsley, Guy V., Jr.
Billings, Glenn M.
Cochrane, John C.
Bond, George C., Jr.
Lang, Joseph E.
Teel, Clarence E.
Schave, Charles N.
Aston, Robert T.
Carter, Johnny L.
Dawson, Robert E.
Hamilton, Hilton
Lightfoot, Robert
(Line)
Lohff, Jav E. (Line)
Lohr, Billy L. (Line)
Miele, Anthony J.
Millhauser, Charles F.
Paxton, Haise
Schroeder, Warren F.
Skoodopole, Thomas
Tanaska, Walter J.
Thompson, Giles W.
Warnke, George M.
Adams, James J.
Nannan, Carl
Ramsey, George T.
(Line)
Wilson, Marshall W.
Dunnigan, Edward P.
Emich, John M.
Easko, Charles R., Jr.
Lowther, Clinton A.
Arbaca, William V.
(Line)
Reil, William C.
Bracken, Frederick N.
Carcelli, Thomas
Dinewall, David R.
Addis, William J.
Cullom, John H.
Daehler, Bernard A.

Kupee, Frank, Jr.
(QM.)
Moschogians, Nicholas
O. (QM.)
Smith, Wakkace P.
(QM.)
Williams, Estas L.
(QM.)
Broochmeyer, John A.
(QM.)
Waite, Richard G.
Deans, James G.
Maitland, Thomas F.
Raisback, Frank C.
Revels, Paul C.
Riley, James H.
Roach, Joseph E.
Radden, Henry L.
Rountree, Ross L.
Rumsey, Wilbur V.
Runyon, Earl F.
Schrier, Harold G.
Segara, John W.
Sickel, Howard M.
Sieger, Theodore A.,
Jr.
Seely, William A.
Shearer, Malcolm
Slaveoff, Steve
Smith, Robert C.
Stone, Robert R.
Strachan, Harry C.
Sullivan, Francis J.
Tagliaferri, Victor T.
Taylor, Francis I.
Teller, Joseph D.
Thompson, Charles
Tobin, John P.
Townsend, John H.
Wall, Vern "V"
Wampler, Charles S.,
Jr.
Ware, Jack H.
Weitekamp, Lawrence
E.
Wetherel, Tomy H.
Williams, James E.
Witt, John A.
Wolford, Leonard S.
Wooten, Woodrow W.
Waclawski, Zigmund
Alexander, Leland G.
(Org.)
Anielski, Robert J.
(Org.)
De Vilbias, Leonard E.
(Org.)
Diamukes, Alvin M.
(Org.)
Golaszewski, Chester L.
(Org.)
Hutton, Clayton W.
(Org.)
Kennedy, Michael J. J.
(Org.)
Klein, Harold G.
(Org.)
Lester, Clayton J.
(Org.)
Luke, Alexander J.
(Org.)
Malanowski, Henry E.
(Org.)
McCoy, Wade C. (Org.)
McGlocklin, Clifford H.
(Org.)
Payton, Robert J.
(Org.)
Ryan, Jerry C. (Org.)
Spotts, Melvin J.
(Org.)

TO SERGEANT (LINE)

Avery, Harvey F.
Barcaly, John H.
Recht, Francis X.
Reernink, William R.
Stherbinine, Youry A.
Strunk, Joseph T.
Telebar, Tony Jr.
Trott, Lloyd B.



FIRST SERGEANTS' SCHOOL, second class for 1942, at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., is pictured above. In left to right order, the men are: top row—First Sergeant Miers, Platoon Sergeant Vance, Sergeant Combs, Sergeant Major Johnson, Platoon Sergeant Soltys, Platoon Sergeant Wright, Platoon Sergeant Brennan; second row—First Sergeant Hueston, Sergeant Kreutz, Staff Sergeant Hay, Platoon Sergeant Akemon, Platoon Sergeant Oetjen, Staff Sergeant O'Connell; third row—Gunnery Sergeant Wilburn, First Sergeant Tolbert, Sergeant Zukoski, Sergeant Lloyd, Platoon Sergeant Goldsmith, Sergeant Smith, Platoon Sergeant Harwood, Platoon Sergeant Adams; fourth row—Platoon Sergeant Coreno, Platoon Sergeant Pelletier, Staff Sergeant Rubenstein, Platoon Sergeant Feccia, Platoon Sergeant Robinson, Platoon Sergeant Berwanger, Platoon Sergeant Seagle, Platoon Sergeant Morris, Platoon Sergeant Rawlings, First Sergeant Heinrichs; fifth row—Sergeant Hardin, Platoon Sergeant Fox, Sergeant Schwartz, Staff Sergeant Doremus, Staff Sergeant Sherbondy, Sergeant Huffer, Platoon Sergeant England, Staff Sergeant McNally, Staff Sergeant Teklinski, Platoon Sergeant Jones, First Sergeant Parker. Instructors on the bottom row are: Platoon Sergeant Ramsey, Platoon Sergeant Johnson, Marine Gunner Hooper, Master Gunnery Sergeant Birt, Platoon Sergeant Langston, and Sergeant Bandyk.

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Brown, David O.
Buckley, John D., Jr.
Bussjager, Charles J., Jr.
Capp, John A.
Costa, Carl T.
Cobb, Howard L.
Colson, Angus R.
Curtis, John E.
Ervin, Erdman E.
Firth, John H.
Friedberg, Sidney
Fraelle, Frank F.
Fort, William P., Jr.
Fox, Ambrose F.
Gentler, Weldon R.
Gibson, Edgar H., Jr.
Godenius, Walter E. G.
Gold, Abraham
Goodman, Donald E.
Green, Everett
Green, John T.
Hackworth, Roddy H.
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Hendrickson, Alger G.
Hicks, Vincent T.
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Hubbs, Howard L.
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Kemper, Chauncey R.
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Lee, J. D.
Long, William N.
Loral, Parrel G.
Lott, Wilmer J.
Louchbridge, Malcolm B.
Maida, Michael
Mosiej, Charles J.
Myslinski, Joseph S.
McGuire, James P., Jr.
McNelly, Jacques L.
Nance, George D.
Nieely, Lee F.
Olson, Walter J.
Pinson, John E.
Phillips, Alfred P., Jr.
Postiglione, Patsy
Prevost, Joseph W.
Quinn, Paul C.
Rajczak, William E.
Rasmussen, Bernard L.
Richard, Edward H.
Ripa, Victor S.
Robertson, Earl C.
Roecker, Raymond H.
Schaffer, Johnnie J.
Schueler, Billy J.
Seydak, William C.
Solar, John J., Jr.

TO SERGEANT
Johnson, Delbert W.
(Ships)
Jones, Linwood B.
(Ships)
Kemp, Robert (Ships)
Mangum, Herbert B.
(Ships)
Maxwell, Heber B.
(Ships)
Ritchie, Robert J.
(Ships)
Vickery, Neil A.
(Ships)
Williams, Arthur
(Ships)
Dompkey, Charles
(Fire)
Stahelin, George R.
(Fire)
Nitz, John H. (Line)
MacDonald, Kyle W.
(Line)
Krause, Felix J.
(Line)
Cole, Merrill D.
(Fire)
Clarke, Walter N., Jr.
(Ships)
Foster, Donald V.
(MCI)
Lookabill, Lyle D.
(Fire)
Wooding, Jack H.
(MCS)
Lorenz, Marcine R.
(Line)
Christopherson, Kenneth L. (QM.)
Cofey, Harry J. (QM.)
Pitchlynn, John F. (QM.)
Embelton, Wendell D. (QM.)
Barry, Henry B. (Line)

Voss, Norman W.
Walker, John P.
Washburn, Franklin A.
Williams, Leslie J.
Withers, Cecil R.
Woodrum, Ralph
Wegrzynowicz, Benjamin C.
Reesby, James W.
Shore, George M.
Tucker, Robert C., Jr.
Weide, Don O.
Smith, Roy V.
Amstutz, Dale W.
Baker, Herschel L.
Bannon, Harold G.
Bell, Ronald E.
Bennett, Carl E., Jr.
Binfield, James A. P.
Brewer, Woodrow E.
Briggs, Frederick H.
Bursau, Glen A.
Clemons, Noel A.
Cobb, Leeland E.
Cole, Noble B.
Coleman, Almon O.
Coney, Charles F.
Crawford, Robert E.
Curry, Harold M., Jr.
Curtis, Thomas L.
Daniels, Rodolph
Davis, Walter C., Jr.
Denton, Thomas A.
Durham, Horace R.
Easley, Rayburn E.
Eggert, Sherman A.
Farrell, John D.
Erkenbeck, John W.
Falvey, Donald A.
Faris, Weldon R.
Fisher, William L.
Fitzgerald, William J.
Ford, Vernon B.
Frazier, Roland H.
Gaze, Marvin E.
Goodwin, Clyde D.
Goolsbe, Lloyd C.
Greer, Stanley D.
Griffin, James B.
Hargrave, Edward M.
Harris, Charles A.
Harrison, Thomas L., Jr.
Hood, David H.
Horton, Jack T.
Hutches, Stanley S.
Johnston, David M.
Jones, John O.
Kelly, Barney D.
Kitchen, Herman F.
Krajnyak, Richard A.
Lepo, John
Martin, Howard H.
Meist, John F.
Milner, Ralph D.
Moffatt, James B.
McPherson, Don E.

Bissell, Harold V.
(Avia.)
Bridges, David E.
(Avia.)
Burtische, John O.
(Avia.)
Carr, Herbert R.
(Avia.)
Charley, Daniel (Avia.)
Collier, Homer E., Jr.
(Avia.)
Dale, Douglas H.
(Avia.)
Dunston, Glenn M.
(Avia.)
Durant, James E.
(Avia.)
Gaudette, Edgar F., Jr.
(Avia.)
Grygiel, Frank (Avia.)
Gutman, Morris
(Avia.)
Harris, Lloyd M.
(Avia.)
Herring, Walter D., Jr.
(Avia.)
Hicks, Edwin C.
(Avia.)
Johnson, Charles A., Jr. (Avia.)
Kirehner, William H.
(Avia.)
Lepke, John E. (Avia.)
Lewis, Raymond L.
(Avia.)
Matthews, William A., Jr. (Avia.)
Alison, James C.
(QM.)
Allen, Robert C. (QM.)
Arnold, Charles S., Jr. (QM.)
Arnold, Lloyd G.
(QM.)
Ball, James G. (QM.)

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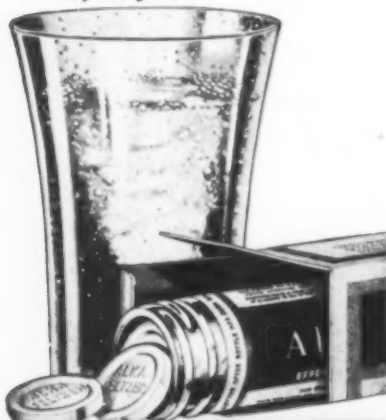
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Coughlin, Daniel F. (QM.)	Bates, William McK., Sr. (Line)	Cooper, Robert L. (Ships)	Mitchell, Kenneth D. (Line)
Dulcich, Joseph B. (QM.)	Chappa, Ferd H. (Line)	Davis, Kenneth E. (Ships)	Rokafellow, Verton (Line)
Frank, Charles P. (QM.)	Richards, Russell L. (Line)	Edwards, Veston (Ships)	Sigler, William R. (Line)
Fulghum, Buford E. (QM.)	Rushworth, Alfred J. (Line)	Egan, John M. F. (Ships)	Sello, George W. (Line)
Gruner, William R. (QM.)	Comyne, Peter J. (Line)	Farmer, Marvin D. (Ships)	Flannagan, Melvin J. (Avia.)
Hanna, Clarence M. (QM.)	Cullum, Robert D. (Line)	Gallagher, Thomas P. (Ships)	Brownson, John C., Jr. (Comm.)
Hubbard, Stanley B. (QM.)	Donno, Joseph (Ord.)	Avery, Alfred K. (Line)	Carroll, Jack C. (Ord.)
Jones, Don S. (QM.)	Peterson, Carl A. (Line)	Bauer, Adolf (Line)	Allard, Robert V. (Line)
Lewis, James L. (QM.)	Johnson, Robert H. (Ships)	Cooper, Herschel J. (Line)	Coffey, Jack M. (Ord.)
Mitchell, Robert W. (QM.)	Canton, Percy E. (Ships)	Cunningham, James H. (Line)	Stidham, Howard E. (Line)
Moody, Andrew J. (QM.)	Beattie, Lloyd C. (Line)	Elkin, Edwin B. (Line)	Thomason, Clyde (Line)
Myles, John F., Jr. (QM.)	Diggs, Frank E. (Line)	Frank, Daniel S. (Line)	Tosch, Robert W. (Line)
Pugatch, Albert O. (QM.)	Duffy, John A. (Line)	Garrett, James T. (Line)	Yount, William I. (Line)
Roosval, Theodore B., Jr. (QM.)	Narmi, Michael J. (Line)	Hatfield, Elbert C. (Line)	Clenous, William D., Jr. (Comm.)
Root, Earl J. (QM.)	Willingham, Ivey B. (Line)	Hebert, Weston (Line)	Fields, Clarence W. (Comm.)
Sutterley, Joseph H. (QM.)	Wolverton, Keith G. (Line)	Hetman, Eugene J. (Line)	Wise, Jon F. (Comm.)
Thomas, James H., Jr. (QM.)	Adams, Donald V. (Line)	Kearse, Bernard V., Jr. (Line)	Creech, Jesse W., Jr. (Comm.)
Campbell, William T. (Avia.)	Brown, William M., Jr. (Line)	Knudson, Robert K. (Line)	Mayott, Morwell R. (Comm.)
McMillan, William B. (Avia.)	Hilburn, James A. (Line)	Korstange, Herbert J. (Line)	Thompson, Walter A., Jr. (Comm.)
Brazz, Cecil H. (Line)	Davnell, Marion G. (Line)	Kosticke, Alex L. (Line)	Williams, Richard E. (Comm.)
Browning, James L. (Line)	Hebert, Joseph DeV. (Line)	La Favor, John R. (Line)	Garrett, Rankin F. (Comm.)
Cook, Dallas H. (Line)	Gibson, Lewis V. (Line)	Larghey, Peter J. (Line)	Custer, Albert B. (QM.)
Faulkner, James C. O. (Line)	Ragan, Vernon S. (Line)	Lennon, Robert C. (Line)	Angelica, Leo D. (Avia.)
Hankey, Clarence R. (Line)	McPherson, Gordon B. (Line)	Luchterhand, Otto C., Jr. (Line)	Ballard, Eldon E. (Avia.)
Holpach, William B. (Ord.)	Knudson, Walter (Line)	Milbrandt, Marion A. (Line)	Buskirk, William K. (Avia.)
Johnson, William F. (Ord.)	Hall, Jesse C. (Line)	Oszakiewski, Steve A. (Line)	Carr, Benjamin A. (Avia.)
Miller, Ralph C. (Line)	Wilmington, John J. (Line)	Reece, John M. (Line)	Fuller, George E. (Avia.)
Murphy, Joseph L. (Line)	Weir, George H. (Line)	Roberts, Francis C. (Line)	Herriek, Donald L. (Avia.)
Proulx, Lionel L. (Line)	Lorcinck, Walter G. (Line)	Tomkinson, Robert H., Jr. (Line)	Klich, Robert C. (Avia.)
Rokaaski, Charles (Line)	Page, Alfred C. (Line)	Watson, Forest L. (Line)	Nichols, John H. (Avia.)
Staley, Banks W. (Line)	Martin, Richard A. (Line)	Wine, Horace M. (Line)	Rar, Virgil G. (Avia.)
Andrews, Martin V. (Line)	Petrie, John W. (Line)	Morby, John T. (Line)	Stephens, Charles B. (Avia.)
Johnson, James R. (Line)	Leonard, George D. (Line)	Rauseo, Joseph P. (Line)	Williams, Billy L. (Avia.)
Woods, Bryan C. (Line)	Griffer, Raumont D. (Line)	Thompson, Phillip J., Jr. (Line)	Roveta, Angelo L. (Comm.)
Kelcher, Franklin J. (Comm.)	Farr, Everett L. (Line)	Alderman, Theddies M. (Avia.)	Stegitz, Robert V. (Comm.)
Hance, Richard K. (MCS)	Maddox, John (Line)	Fulbright, James H. (Avia.)	Whidden, Thomas E. (Comm.)
Downer, John W. (Line)	Smith, John W. (Line)	Hutchins, Gilbert C. (Avia.)	Mills, Harmon V. (Avia.)
Compton, Albert L. (Line)	Novak, Charles A. (Line)	Randall, Roger (Avia.)	Mooney, Willard G. (Avia.)
McKinney, Charles A. (Line)	Caukin, Park H. (Line)	Adams, Clifford (Comm.)	
Alsop, Irving R., Jr. (Ships)	Jackson, Homer F. (Line)	Asedo, Ramon D. (Comm.)	
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Cleary, Clarence A. (Comm.)
Davis, Ross E. (Comm.)
Gaither, Gilbert F. (Comm.)
Hawk, Raymond F., Jr. (Comm.)
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McIntuff, Bernard L. (Comm.)
McMillan, Horace L. (Comm.)
Ormseth, Orville K. (Comm.)
Powell, Ernest C., Jr. (Comm.)
Ranck, Charles A. (Comm.)
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Abney, William E. QM(M)
Abram, Mike S. QM(M)
Adkins, Joseph L. QM(M)
Aldridge, Horace L. QM(M)
Amend, Robert G. QM(C)
Baker, James L. QM(M)
Banas, William J. QM(M)
Barnes, Charles M. QM(C)
Benveniste, Clement QM(C)
Borkowski, John M. QM(M)
Brown, Bernard B. QM(M)
Campbell, Robert E. QM(M)
Napolitano, James J. (Avia.)
Nielsen, Jack R. (Avia.)
Owen, Robert L. (Avia.)
Owen, Roy K. (Avia.)
Paul, Eldred W. (Avia.)
Rabbitt, Joseph T. (Avia.)
Rovnak, Steve G. (Avia.)
Stoeckle, Edward H. (Avia.)
Sudin, Michael (Avia.)
Tease, Samuel C. (Avia.)
Yeaman, James H. (Avia.)
Campbell, Daniel L., Jr. (Pay)
Carroll, Edward J. (Pay)
Christides, George T. (Pay)
Clark, Howard K. (Pay)
Coan, Attilio L. (Pay)
Darr, Leslie R., Jr. (Pay)
Davi, Charles V. (Pay)
Thursby, Gilbert E. QM(C)
Tice, Jack L., QM(M)
Trail, Jack L. QM(C)
Trellue, Lewis B. QM(C)
Trooler, George W. QM(M)
Umphrey, William G. QM(C)
Vaitkevicius, Alfred QM(C)
Varney, Clayton T. QM(M)
Waller, Kenneth K. QM(C)
Walton, Carl F. QM(M)
Waters, Matthew W. QM(M)
Watley, Sevier E. QM(C)

Capoferrri, Anthony QM(M)
Carmack, Lawrence E. QM(C)
Carroll, Harry A. QM(C)
Carey, James W. QM(C)
Chapman, Emil G. QM(C)
Chopak, John QM(M)
Corcoran, Thomas E. QM(C)
Daniels, Vincent C. QM(M)
Diaz, Alex. QM(C)
Edmiston, James C. QM(M)
Eckerman, George E. QM(M)
Etheridge, Thomas L. QM(M)
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Giansiracusa, Jaul V. QM(C)
Clavin, Howard E. QM(M)
Goldman, David H. QM(C)
Gowin, Harry G. QM(M)
Grant, John J. QM(C)
Harrison, Herbert E., Jr. QM(C)
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Klessig, James A. QM(M)
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Manning, Patrick H. QM(C)
Mansfield, Felix W. QM(M)
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Martin, Lloyd L. QM(C)
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Crump, William T., Jr. QM(M)
Dale, Herman F. QM(M)
Dixon, Robert W. QM(M)
Doran, Daniel QM(C)
Ellis, John D. QM(M)
Fant, Earl M., QM(M)
Featherly, George I. QM(C)
Fille, Nicholas QM(C)
Flint, Paul G. QM(C)
Freeman, Randol O. QM(C)
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Giovino, Salvador QM(C)
Golina, Frank L. QM(C)
Goodlow, John L. QM(M)
Grover, Forrest A. QM(C)
Gustavson, Ernest F. QM(C)
Hajtun, Paul. QM(C)
Harvey, Jack C. QM(C)
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Ho-vath, John, Jr. QM(M)
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Jackson, Joseph H. QM(C)
Jenkins, George P., Jr. QM(C)
Johnson, Robert W. QM(M)
Jones, Gerald W. QM(C)
Jonkowski, Anthony J. QM(C)
Joyce, Everett L. QM(C)
Joyce, John J., Jr. QM(C)
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 Pasley, Randolph E. QM(C)
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 Riddle, Jesse W. QM(M)
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 Sager, Charles R. QM(M)
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 Sterrantino, Peter F. QM(C)
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 Stokes, Robert E. QM(C)
 Stone, Roy A. QM(C)
 Sout, Dale E. QM(C)
 Stout, Morton E. QM(C)
 Stutler, Earl C. QM(C)
 Swanson, Arthur L. QM(C)
 Swenson, Frank N. QM(M)
 Tanner, Robert L. QM(C)

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 Bartholomew, Gerald J.
 Borslay, George J.
 Clover, Ben S., Jr.
 Donnell, Elwood E.
 Edwards, Kenneth C.
 Hamlet, Dean L.
 Holmes, Alton K.

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 Paradiso, Anthony R. QM(M)
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 Rigg, Teddy A. QM(M)

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 Lepore, Anthony H. QM(C)
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 Gladden, Herbert (Pay)
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 Joutet, Paul E. (Pay)
 Kolby, Henry C., Jr. (Pay)
 Nemes, Franklin L. (Pay)
 Nickles, William P. (Pay)
 Patsko, Andrew M. (Pay)
 Peterson, Walter P. (Pay)
 Schleicher, Kurt W. (Pay)
 Shearer, Dale L. (Pay)
 Spithaler, Paul W. (Pay)
 Thomas, Walter H. (Pay)
 Wagner, Leon A. (Pay)
 Worley, Jack "J" (Pay)
 Yarnell, Earnest B. (Pay)
 Fisette, James F. (Line)
 Nicholson, Dennis D., Jr. (Line)

Hunsaker, George W.
 Jenkins, Walter L.
 Jensen, Jesse A.
 May, Johnny H.
 Spradley, Sumpter C., Jr.
 Stram, John R.
 Wilson, Frank R.

Fisher, Donald V. (Fire)
 Hammett, Edison (Fire)
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Stroud, James C.
(QM)
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Wiesmore, Wilfred N.,
Jr. (QM)
Wilson, Theodore T.
(QM)
Yahnke, Frederick D.
(QM)
Zervie, Edward P.
(QM)
Decker, Edward C.
(Fire)

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Comer, Elijah B.
Lawter, Joseph H.
Livingston, Clifton R.
Thomas, Harry E.

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Ball, John R.
(Bar, Bal.)
Harrington, Warner P.
(Comm.)
Huggins, James L.
(Comm.)
Parker, Robert E.
(QM.)

Moore, Wallace E.
Moriarty, Eugene H.
(MCS)
Pryor, Charles (Line)
Giesen, Julius, Jr.
(Line)
Hartley, John V.
Middleton, Thomas R.
(Line)
Ackerman, Leo (Line)
Blackburn, Spencer Q.
(Line)
Wolczak, Victor J.
(Avia.)
Adams, Robert D.
Brady, Raymond D.
Brewer, Thomas J.
Callahan, Robert J.
Brown, Andrew M.
Calnon, Daniel E.
Campbell, Vincent P.

Usher, Wesley LeB.
Gumina, Charles E.
Hollander, Norman
Lack, Cyrus
Pitts, Bernie B., Jr.
Mikelson, Melvin W.
Eichman, Martin D.

Potter, Elwood H.
(Avia.)
Robinson, Frank C., Jr.
(Avia.)
Slonina, Wallace J.
(Avia.)
Smith, James J., Jr.
(Avia.)
Sparrow, James F.
(Avia.)

Evitta, Roger L. (Org.)
Fleishman, Glenn E.
(Org.)
Szelock, Stephen
(Org.)
Cox, Nalbro B. (Org.)
Peters, Dale L. (Org.)
Merritt, Donald B.
(Avia.)
Everett, Richard F.
(QM.)
Greiner, Lester C.
(QM.)
Haggerty, Walter E.
(Draftsman)
Herlong, Richard D.
(Draftsman)
Kalin, Frank J.
(Draftsman)
Lamm, Mack A.
(Draftsman)
Michel, Ernest C.
(Draftsman)
Volkert, Paul K.
(Draftsman)
Whitlock, Bernard J.
(Draftsman)
Haie, Robert K. (QM.)
Campbell, James H.
(Avia.)
Nones, Paul U. (Avia.)
Via, Burks A. (Avia.)
Foltz, Martin E.
(Avia.)
Langen, Eugene F.
(Avia.)
Lipschitz, Sydney B.
(Avia.)
Manning, Daniel T.
(Avia.)
Manning, Lighton
McM. (Avia.)
McCabe, John (Avia.)

Winters, Charles H.,
Jr. (Avia.)
Baxley, James O.
(Comm.)
Cruse, George F.
(Comm.)
Flood, Edward H.
(Comm.)
Harrison, Everett E.
(Comm.)
Johnson, Frank
(Comm.)
Kiolbass, John
(Comm.)
Knight, Disler W.
(Comm.)
Lescher, Frank W.
(Avia.)
Peffer, Gerald J.
(Avia.)
Neul, Ralph B.
(Comm.)
Oglesby, Richard S.
(Comm.)
Partain, Warren B.
(Comm.)
Radomsky, Harry
(Comm.)
Schoen, Herbert D.
(Comm.)
Scott, Louis B.
(Comm.)
Strickland, Marvin D.
(Comm.)
White, Hugh A.
(Comm.)
Alderman, Theddie M.
(Avia.)
Allcorn, Emmett D., Jr.
(Avia.)
Barnes, Woodrow W.
(Avia.)



Staff of "Belligerent," the U. S. Marine newspaper published in
London, is pictured above. The boys, in left to right order, are
Pfc. Campbell, Technical Sergeant Paisley, Corporal F. M. Con-
nelly, Yeoman Prettyman (who assists the Marines), Corporal
Sudro, Staff Sergeant Walsh and Chief Yeoman Cramer (another
Navy helper). All staff members of the paper are stationed at
the American Embassy in London, Army lad was visitor.

THE LEATHERNECK

Pechner, Fred M.
(Avia.)
Perry, Robert C.
(Avia.)
Price, William G.
(Avia.)
Young, Frederick J.
(Avia.)
Schroeder, Howard J.
(Avia.)
Clark, Stanley B.
(Avia.)
Becker, Jesse, Jr.
(Pay)
Bock, Forrest J. (Pay)
Brodd, Alton T. (Pay)
Daniel, Ralph H.
(Pay)
Dilberger, Louis P.,
Jr. (Pay)
England, Luther
(Pay)
Ferguson, Robert B.
(Pay)
Hall, Wilbur O., Jr.
(Pay)
Hamilton, Merle R.
(Pay)
Hill, Ivan C. (Pay)
Norman, Edward Clinton
(Pay)
Pritchard, Warren B.
(Pay)
Riesman, Robert B.
(Pay)
Seymour, Edgar F.
(Pay)
Susdorf, Harold L.
(Pay)
Dawes, Henry T.
(QM.)
Denton, Benjamin E.,
Jr. (QM.)
Enser, George F.
(QM.)
Epperson, Charles G.
(QM.)
Healy, Francis E.
(QM.)
Houle, James L. (QM.)
Kirkman, Donald I.
(QM.)
Laughter, Fred W.
(QM.)
Levy, Nathan (QM.)
Minahan, Eben T.
(QM.)
Monvrey, George J.
(QM.)
Nicholson, Roger N.
(QM.)
Pense, William A.
(QM.)
Petaja, John A.
(QM.)
Riley, Leon C.
(QM.)
Robinson, Marcus
(QM.)
Saitta, Frank H.
(QM.)
Shealy, Bernard E.
(QM.)
Stankus, Bronis C.
(QM.)
Troutman, Dudley J.
(QM.)
Winn, Rayford M.
(QM.)
Kashinus, Theodore E.
(Fire-Org.)
Graham, Jack A.
(Fire-Org.)
Vigil, Samuel M., Jr.
(QM.)
James, Lloyd E.
(Comm.)
Wisnor, Rush A.
(Comm.)
Turner, Woodrow
(QM.)
Mattison, James F., Jr.
(Comm.)
Stoner, Paul H.
(Comm.)
Coulson, Roger W.
(Comm.)
Pilling, Charles A.
(Comm.)
Hitchcock, Theodore W.
(Comm.)
Wilkinson, Richard A.
(Comm.)
Fielding, Burt L.
(Comm.)
Paul, Francis L.
(Comm.)
Fenton, John C.
(Comm.)
Holden, Gordon L.
(Comm.)
Pruitt, Ristol L.
(Comm.)

Britt, George W.
(Avia.)
Chichotka, George V.
(Avia.)
Chisholm, Lawrie
(Avia.)
Cicala, George (Avia.)
Dietlein, Alvin A.
(Avia.)
Gary, Rodger (Avia.)
Hall, William R.
(Avia.)
Jones, Milton H.
(Avia.)
Kyzar, Charles L.
(Avia.)
Lawler, Leonard J.
(Avia.)
Martin, John L.
(Avia.)
Nirnberger, William H.
(Avia.)
Norman, Clay B.
(Avia.)
Omasta, Carl (Avia.)
Randall, John E.
(Avia.)
Rondema, Jack W.
(Avia.)
Saar, Andrew (Avia.)
Stachowski, Valentine
V. (Avia.)
Sumner, William M.
(Avia.)
Talbert, Harry E.
(Avia.)
Wallace, Joseph A.
(Avia.)
Webb, Clinton E., Jr.
(Avia.)
Wrenn, Arnold C.
(Avia.)
Adams, Billie S.
(Avia.)
Allen, John O. (QM.)
Balzarini, Harry (QM.)
Coleman, Norman E.
(QM.)
Adams, James J.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Atchison, Jere L.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Ansbrey, Julian E.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Austin, Frank G., Jr.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Baker, Arnold S., Jr.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Ba'dovin, John A.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Barry, Kenneth C.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Berning, August W.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Black, Calvin H., Jr.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Buckler, Robert E.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Buddong, Hobart H.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Butterly, Edward R.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Cheslin, Maurice
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Collins, Bonnie R.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Daly, John G.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Denny, Paul E.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Dent, Chauncey R.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Ducharme, Albert T.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Ellis, Harry F.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Evans, Edward J.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Freeman, Ernest P., Jr.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Gadmer, Charles J., Jr.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Gilbreth, Paul B.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Greenwald, Jacob
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Hamlin, Reino A.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Hay, Clyde C.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Holtgrave, Virgil H.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Huffman, William C.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Ireland, Jack J.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Lamb, Daniel O.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Le Blanc, Louis A.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Lee, Loe E., Jr.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Leflor, Benjamin
St. Sgt., Line (C)

"Tiddiwick" Brown... Girl-about-town



Krezel, Stanley W.
(Comm.)
Leverett, Festus C.
(Comm.)
Sullivan, John L.
(Comm.)
Carter, Robert C.
(Comm.)
Nelson, Roy R.
(Comm.)
Jones, Edward A.
(QM.)

Lincoln, Robert H.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Mestdagh, Camille
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Mottram, Francis R.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
McCullough, Aubrey L.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
McKnight, Kenneth A.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
McNally, Charles E.
St. Sgt., Line (C)



Camp Elliott Marine is shown here making a "voice letter" to send home. Making the recorded message is Dick Nelson of the Gem Blade Company, which performed this service free for the Marines of San Diego Area.

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(QM.)
Warren, Robert M.
(QM.)
Williams, James E.
(QM.)
Anderson, Orville B.
(Line)
Arter, Willis J. (Line)
Casey, Gerald V. (Line)
Lunch, Fred W. (Line)
Meadows, William E.
(Line)
Moberley, Reed M.
(Line)
Owen, Robert L.
(Line)
Swindells, Walter R.
(Line)
Zeagler, Roy V.
(Line)
Henley, Millard F.
(Line)
Lemieux, Clifford H.
(Line)
Waddle, Mac L. (Pay)
Watwood, Marshall
(Pay)
Carey, James P.
(Avia.)
Dieffenbach, Kenneth
H. (Avia.)
Gehrlich, George J.
(Avia.)
Gwilliam, Richard H.
(Avia.)
Heath, Gordon E.
(Avia.)
Johnson, Brady (Avia.)
Mavinelli, Anthony M.
(Avia.)

TO CORPORAL:
Katz, Henry H., Jr.
Koeler, Franklin J.
Kollmar, Robert T.
Koropsak, Joseph L.
Lehman, Robert S.

Palwick, Joseph
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Pauley, Kellum D.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Persons, Harry D.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Peters, Luther E.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Priestley, John M.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Pyles, Howard E.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Sanders, Hugh D.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Scott, Joseph W., Jr.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Smith, Nathan R.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Spencer, Arthur F.
St. Sgt., Line (C)
Gidlewski, Aloysius C.
(Line)
Goldberg, Abram A.
(Line)
Rizz, Robert D.
(Line)
Sherbondy, Arthur L.
(Line)
Weaver, Lorian A.
(Line)
West, William R.
(Line)
Wilson, Burchard C.
(Line)
Rives, Edwin E.
(Line)
Poe, Richard A.
(Line)
Borscheim, Alfred J.
(Line)
Krivonak, Edward J.
(Line)
Cziak, Chester S.
(Line)
Doremus, Horace J.
(Line)
Sparks, Sidney (Line)

Lawson, Carl E.
Markley, Walter A.
Merriam, Philip W.
McAllister, Bruce S.
Nicholas, C. N., Jr.

Leone, Roland A.
Makara, William R.
McLynn, John M. J.
Moore, Maxwell M.
Morton, Donald E.
Notestine, Frederick I.
O'Brien, William J.
Oscar, Sanford
Padula, Dominick M.
Parker, George S.
Figue, Robert L., Jr.
Plato, Donald E.
Poitevin, Paul
Rinnas, Donald E.
Robinson, Eugene J.
Ruchenski, Leo J.
Sachs, William A.
Say, William B.
Shreibak, John A.
Trammell, Oscar L.
Usry, Willis H.
Vogler, Harold C.
Vowels, John L.
Wilder, Earl M.
Wilks, Clip L.
Alsup, Audie A.
Bach, Franklin L.
Bowers, Glen L., Jr.
Brothers, Samuel E.
Brown, Fred D.
Brown, Louis W.
Burt, Donald C.
Cail, Earl H.
Chambers, George V.
Cecere, James
Cory, James E.
Coverston, Vernon
Craig, James S., Jr.
Crider, George H.
Daniel, Edward L.
Duff, Raymond A.
Entze, Edwin G.
Kramer, Reinard
Monks, William C.
Wallace, Frank K.
Kosher, John D.
Engelson, Donald W.
Edwards, Verne "E."
Jr.
Carboni, Henry V.
Hemberger, Henry G.
Lepak, Alexander L.

Tinkham, Floyd A.
Poe, Edgar A.
Nisonoff, Bernard
Rawnsley, Harold D.
Rogal, Edward R.
Smith, George A., Jr.
Solomon, Milton P.
Stanyard, Frank M.
Staples, Linwood A.
Stirrup, Robert J.
Wade, Charles H.
Walters, Peter A., Jr.
Warner, Gardiner A.
Wells, William B.
Williamson, Ronald D.
Willoughby, Luther A.
Wininger, Milton D.
Gould, Ira O.
Newman, Henry G.
Overby, William E.
Gaas, James P.
Patrick, Charles E.
Peterson, Howard C.
Lee, James T.
Riley, Claude T.
Salgado, Wilson W.
Sanders, Doyle L.
Schaffner, Donald E.
Sorrick, Roland R.
Struzinski, Bernard J.
Sutter, Edward J.
Taulbee, Robert
Thompson, Elvis B.
Torrence, Glenn A., Jr.
Tredanari, Jerome R.
Wallace, Robert L.
Welch, John P.
Wellman, Walter R.
Wydner, Charles E., Jr.
Young, Everett R.
Bilinski, Walter M.
Kincannon, Vann C.
Lehn, William T.
Spindler, Richard F.
Philippis, Eugene J.
Stomenger, Andrew
Wald, Sidney J.
Young, George J.
Kalogeras, Michael H.
Adams, Ernest L.
Axen, Earl W.
Baldwin, Philip G.

M. C. I. GRADUATES FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

2nd Lieutenant	HOUSTON, Kenneth C.	Post Exchange Bookkeeping
Tech-Sgt.	BROWN, Clarence E.	Special Automobile Chassis Special Automobile Storage Battery Special Automobile Engines
Staff-Sgt.	BUCHANAN, Harry S. HAVENS, Paul T. HELTON, Garnet E.	Aviation Engines Airplane Maintenance Selected Subjects
Sgt.	HUESMAN, Richard W. KELLER, Howard T. RIZZO, John J. SHORE, Harry G. UTHOFF, Roy A.	Aviation Mechanics Diesel Engines Aviation Engines Automobile Technician's Internal Combustion Engines
Corp.	BRADHURST, James C. GRINSTEAD, Robert L. GORLEY, Peter P., Jr. KIRTZ, Alvin L. MECKLE, Franklin C. PLANTER, William E.	Short Chemistry Sound Technician's Aviation Engines Aviation Engines Special Diesel Engine Aviation Engines
Pfc.	BETACK, Michael J. CICHINSKY, Henry KUS, Edward J. NILSSON, Ivan O. PARKER, James E. ROGERS, William M. WOOD, Gilbert E.	Aviation Mechanics Aviation Mechanics Airplane Maintenance Aviation Engines Special Automobile Engines Diesel Engines Aviation Engines
Pvt.	DE CESARIS, Vincenzo DE YOUNG, Alfred J. GLIBERT, Paul A. E. OWEN, Leonard W. SKOFIELD, Richard H.	Post Exchange Bookkeeping Practical Electrician's Post Exchange Bookkeeping Selected Subjects Bookkeeping and Business Forms

M.C.I. NEWS

SECOND LIEUTENANT PREPARATORY COURSE

THE Commandant's Circular Letter No. 567, dated 21 March, 1942, outlines in detail the existing requirements for the rank of Second Lieutenant. Any man interested in obtaining a commission should request the permission of his First Sergeant to read this letter and ascertain whether or not he meets with the requirements.

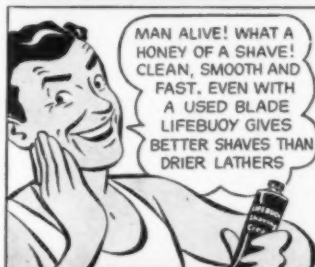
The Second Lieutenant Preparatory Course as originally offered by the Marine Corps Institute was designed to prepare prospective candidates for the academic examinations which were then required regardless of the man's educational background.

Today, since candidates for commission may present credits which excuse them from the necessity of submitting to examinations, it is no longer necessary for most prospective candidates to complete the Second Lieutenant Preparatory Course in its entirety. However, many men eligible for commission find that they lack credit for one or more subjects and that they must take examinations in the subjects concerned. Therefore, the Second Lieutenant Preparatory Course is now designed primarily for those men

who are not able to offer acceptable credits in certain subjects. A student who does not wish to complete the entire course may request enrollment in those subjects only which he needs. The Marine Corps Institute does not offer all subjects in which a prospective candidate must present credits, as there is a con-

siderable latitude in the subjects accepted by the Examining Board.

Enrollment in and completion of the course does not qualify a man for an appointment to the rank of Second Lieutenant. It prepares him for the academic examinations in the subjects concerned.



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O'BANNON IN LIBYA

(Continued from page 6)

up her flag, and in the dawn's early light the Stars and Stripes fluttered in the morning breeze. It was Captain Hull with the "Argus."

Enmity and grievances were forgotten as the men enjoyed their first square meal in a month, all the water they could hold, and a bath in the cool blue Mediterranean. The next day the "Hornet" arrived with additional supplies, and bad news for Eaton: Commodore Barron refused absolutely to let Eaton have 100 more Marines for the attack on Derna, as originally promised.

Rested and fed, the cavalcade pushed on to Derna, after making arrangements with the two warships to join them at the harbor there. Native fifth columnists spread rumors among the Arabs that Derna was defended by a huge army. Many of the tribesmen and camel-drivers, even Hamet himself, wanted to turn back at the last minute. Eaton promised them handsome bribes. The Marines stood by with muskets at the ready, and the Arabs decided to go on after all.

On the morning of April 2, Eaton had

rejected Eaton's demands and began making loopholes in walls and buildings for a determined defense, although the presence of two American warships off his shores made him as well as his master, the Pasha Yusuf, secretly uneasy.

"Lieutenant, the toughest salient will be sealing the walls of the southeast, or harbor, fort. You will attack there with your Marines, the Greeks, and 24 cannoners from the ships. There will be some help in gunfire from the harbor, but the main job of winning the fort is in your hands. I will attack from the southeast, aiming to join forces with you at the center of town."

When the sound of firing came from the other side of town, signalling Eaton's advance, O'Bannon gave the order to charge, and the Marines surged forward, spoiling for action after their months of hardships. Unmindful of the hail of musketry around them, they stormed the redoubt. Two of them gained the walls and fought hand-to-hand with the Tripolitans, but lacking assistance were forced to fall back, firing methodically, with deadly effect.

O'Bannon rallied his men around him, astonished to discover that not a single

the Greeks bring ashore a gun from the "Argus," summoned the officers for a council of war, and sent a messenger to the governor of Derna demanding its surrender.

PASHA GETS NERVOUS

The governor, with a garrison of 800 and a good store of supplies, laughingly

casualty had been suffered among his tiny red and blue clad force. "Men, I'm proud of you. You've fought like true Marines. But sheer heroism cannot carry that position against those numbers. Sergeant, ask General Eaton for reinforcements. With a little assistance, we can sweep the fort and control the town."

FINAL CHARGE WINS

When these arrangements had been made, the little company reformed for attack, and with the ships' guns laying down some barrage in front of them, O'Bannon's men followed him in a last desperate charge on the harbor fort. Swinging his saber high, he slashed his way forward, as his men ceased their deadly rifle fire and cut loose with the cold steel of their bayonets. With savage force that could not be denied they rushed upon the defenders like fiends from hell. With screams for mercy the pirates threw down their guns and fled towards the protection of the loopholed buildings.

O'Bannon gave them no time to recover. "Load and turn those cannon," he roared, as his small force cleared the last of the enemy from the fort. "Swing them around and use them on those houses." And soon the pirates' own cannon were belching death and devastation into the peck-marked mud houses, from which a constantly lessening rattle of musketry attested the defeat of the Tripolitans.

"Now hoist the flag, men," the Lieutenant cried at last, as the defenders' musket fire ceased and Hamet's cavalry swept spectacularly into town, cutting down the desperately dodging pirate survivors. "Derna is ours!"

O'Bannon stood by, stiffly at attention, as the Marines pulled down the Tripolitan crescent and raised the first Stars and Stripes ever to fly over an Old World fortress. As the sea breeze unfurled the flag and silenced the batteries on the ships, O'Bannon turned to cheek on his grimy, powder-and-bloodstained men. Two of them were killed: Privates John Whitten and Edward Steward.

The rest stayed on, withstanding several attacks by the Pasha's troops during

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THE LEATHERNECK

the next months, seemingly able to stand fast forever. Then came orders to evacuate the port: peace had been arranged by other official envoys. The daring, epic capture of Derna had been apparently in vain.

Certainly O'Bannon got nothing out of it but a Marine's satisfaction in a dangerous duty well done, and a sword presented in grateful appreciation by Hamet. This type of Mameluke sword has been carried by all Marine officers ever since, except for the sixteen years of Civil War controversy, 1859-1875.

O'Bannon received no official commendation for his services, however—was passed over for promotion and resigned from the Marine Corps three years later. It was not until 1917 that he was given belated recognition when a U. S. destroyer was given his name—a name passed on to a 1942 destroyer recently launched—and one which will be remembered by all Marines and Navy men as having helped to found the tradition of superiority in combat abroad which today U. S. troops are fighting to maintain on the same burning blood-soaked Libyan sands.

The Sick Indian

(Continued from page 23)

rifle—until record day. On the morning of qualifying, he announced that he was "pretty bored" with all proceedings. To relieve some of the monotony, Oscar made a strange deal with a small Arizona boy who was shooting on the next target.

"I will fire on your target and you on mine," Tall Horse proposed. "The coaches will not notice as long as you trade me black for black."

But the Arizona boy turned out to be incapable of swapping bull's eyes for Sick Indian's pin-wheels. In fact, after offhand and sitting from the 200-yard line and sitting from the 300-yard line, Tall Horse found that he wasn't even qualifying while the Arizona boy had two possibles and one 48 on the record.

"The trade's off, Poge," said Tall Horse sharply. "Don't shoot on my target any more or I'll knock the hootin'-nanny-hoot out of you."

It was only with a couple of possibles at the last that Oscar managed to qualify.

Tall Horse did better with the pistol, though he wasted one shot on a bull bat which was so foolish as to fly over the pistol range. The gunnery sergeant in charge of the pistol range was all for securing Oscar in the brig. But it turned out that the Gunnery Sergeant was from Oklahoma, too, and a football fan. And he forgave Oscar for shooting the bull bat after they'd talked about football and Oklahoma for a while.

Speaking of Oklahoma reminded the Gunner of something. For he stopped talking about Sick Indian and he ordered himself a double buttermilk, and he ordered McShea a "boilermaker."

"I was in Muskogee, Okla., once," ex-

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plained the Gunner, "and I saw a lot of guys drinking boilermakers. It was really wonderful how much beer and whisky they could hold."

"All I need now is a couple of zombies," said the sergeant, and he tossed down the whisky pursued by the beer, right on top of the Scotch.

The congress of drinks in the Sergeant's stomach was making him a little sulky. So he said:

"Gunny, Sir, I don't see much point in your story. I reckon the Sick Indian is still hanging around Sick Bay. I suppose he's a sergeant by now. Most of these here first-cruise sergeants are loud and lazy. That seems to be the requirement."

"He ain't no sergeant," replied the Gunner, "and he never visited Sick Bay after he left Boot, as far as I can learn."

"I am glad," said the Sergeant, "that I haven't any boot quite as bad as Oscar in my platoon, though some of my kids are snapping in to become perfect pests. Could it be that Tall Horse broke Marine Charley's record for speed in going over the hill?"

"He didn't desert," replied the Gunner. "Maybe he would have if the war hadn't come along. But with action in prospect you couldn't have bribed the Sick Indian to quite the Marines."

The Sergeant was beginning to feel the mint juleps and the Ramos Fizzes and the Scotch and the boilermakers. A feeling of great pity for Private Tall Horse came over him.

"None of Oscar's plans worked out," he said.

"Some," said the Gunner.

"He did not find his desert island with the Dorothy Lamour-lookin' gals running around in nothing much but some grass."

"He reached his island," said the Gunner.

"Yeh," said McShea.

"But there weren't any Fi-Fis on it."

"Where?" said the Sergeant. And the Gunner replied:

"Place called Wake. Sick Indian shot expert for 15 days. Then, I dunno—

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maybe, he died beside his rifle. Or, maybe, he is in a prison camp. If so, the Japs ain't happy."

Then the Hawaiian Hut's floor show started again. There was a Mexican tango number first. And the Gunner ordered himself a double buttermilk, and he ordered the Sergeant a couple of snorts of tequilla.

Reckless Boys

(Continued from page 13)

his way out. He killed one of the Hatfields, and escaped.

The Hatfields decided they had enough for a while. Some moved out West, and "Devil Anse," still at large, changed his home to a place on Island Creek.

Public indignation was so aroused that the feud passed into history. "Devil Anse," now an old man, "got religion." He and some of his sons were baptized, and supposedly underwent a change of heart.

The principals of the feud both lived long and died natural deaths. Ran'l McCoy lived to the age of 90. "Devil Anse," 20 years younger, died at the age of 83 in 1921.

DIS-MISSED!



You'll see a lot of new faces in THE LEATHERNECK this month—not only the Hatfields and McCoys, and an assortment of Indians, Tripolitan pirates, and Jap plane experts, but three new cartoon characters conceived by our artists: Piffie Earbanger by Bob Hart, Osbourne the Literal, and Herman, Super Marine of 1955, both by Pat Denman. You'll be seeing a lot more of these boys, so get to know them. And if you have any suggestions as to future adventures for Piffie, Osbourne, or Herman, send them in. You too can inspire a cartoon.

Let us know too how you like the new set-up by departments, and what else you'd like to see included.

We've already got the makings of a Swappe Shoppe, from collectors of everything from match clips to old water pistols. (We're having this last guy investigated by the FBI.) We have yet to find a fellow-collector for the guy from Nebraska who left Boot Camp with a sea-bag full of little iron horseshoes off the drill field. Said he was going to start training his six-months' old son to be county horseshoe champ. Seems as though a Marine will pick up anything he can put to good use, as the Japs found out at Wake.

Next month we hope to give you some straight dope on the one man who controls the action in Alaska, in Britain, in Libya, on the Russian front. Nope, not Superman—but the Weatherman, who has more to do with the casualty lists than you'd ever suspect.

Editorial:

You've Got to Dig, Lad!

AN old gunnery sergeant, one sunny day in the boomdocks, spat contemptuously at an outfit busy digging foxholes.

He watched for awhile and then dug his heel about an inch into the soft earth. "There's my foxhole. I've seen the time when that much was enough."



"Dig your own fox hole, buddy."

They tell the story about the Army major who chased around in Southern maneuvers in a jeep taking pot shots with a sling shot at soldiers who stuck their heads up to count the daisies. That was a smart major for he realized that unless men are impressed with the importance of individual cover, many of them will lose their lives before they learn the lesson.

And the slit trench! We read an article not so long ago written by a British Tommie who had spent a couple of years in Libya. The lad cautioned for the use of slit trenches. Tanks move about in the night in bivouac or in actual combat, a well-constructed slit trench affords protection. Strafing by planes doesn't affect the slit trench and its small parapets.

"Dig 'em," he said, "whether you've walked one mile that day or thirty."

All the tricks of individual protection such as the foxholes, slit trenches and crawling are of primary importance to Marines.

In Bataan they proved their worth. The Japs, incidentally, are plenty good at utilizing cover. Tricks brought out in the Philippine campaigns included digging foxholes from behind a tree and having the hole emerge at the front of the tree facing the field of fire. In this way the Nips entered from the rear side of the tree protected, crawled under the tree to the front. The base of the tree served as excellent camouflage and if things got too hot, the Nip could crawl to the rear and the tree would shield his get-away. Another Jap trick was to construct their foxholes in the front of and utilizing part of large brush piles. The hole was begun at the rear of the pile and emerged on the opposite side.

Take it from the men who've reported back from the fronts:
Learn to dig, lad, and learn to crawl.

'Yank' Joins The Marines

ONLY two weeks old, the Army's new weekly newspaper, "Yank," was already smart enough to know it couldn't get along without the Marines. We see by their masthead that one Plat. Sgt. Riley Aikman, U.S.M.C., has been added to their staff. It doesn't say in what capacity—maybe he stands guard and keeps off unwelcome visitors.

This call on the Marines continues the Army tradition begun in World War I, when the "Stars & Stripes" flourished overseas, thanks to the efforts of such present celebs (then buck privates and corporals, on the old pay scale) as Alexander Woolcott and Harold Ross. The Marine on the staff was Wally Walgren, now nationally recognized for his work on leading periodicals.

We note that "Yank's" present stars have lost no time in getting their stripes. The managing editor, former Pvt. Bill Richardson, made Tech Sergeant in the third week of publication. Nice going, Bill, you're doing a swell job.

Moving right along with Private—pardon, Tech Sergeant—Richardson on the staff of our new "Brother-in-arms" are Staff Sergeants Robert Moora, Doug Borgstedt, Art Weithas, Dave Breger, who the week before were listed as plain pvt. or corp. Guess it's true what they say about the pen being mightier than the sword. As of July 22, Yank's staff numbered on masthead 50 enlisted soldiers, one Marine, four commissioned officers. Our

quota allows us only one staff sergeant—and besides, there's only one man on the staff who's put in a full cruise, and he's a boot corporal.

These Army lads must lead fuller, richer lives, or something. We understand "Yank" aims to reach every accessible U. S. Army detachment outside the country by mailing microfilm copies for reproduction at each post, also page stereotypes, etc. To handle all this, they listed a circulation department of just three men. Next week they didn't list any, so maybe it's all being done now by carrier pigeons.

We have eight in ours (men in circulation, not carrier pigeons) working overtime, with no time and a half pay, and giving up liberty nights trying to get out a record press run of 61,000 copies to you Leathernecks in camp and overseas. They've just moved into a new, bigger office, and hope to keep up a little better with Marine Corps movements (which like our circulation, have reached an all-time high) if you subscribers and the naval censors will cooperate by promptly sending us your new postmaster's address.

So "Yank's" circulation department has our sympathy, and the whole staff our congratulations for a beautiful take-off on a tough long-distance flight. If they ever have to make a sudden landing, we feel a lot safer knowing they have at least one Marine on hand. And so should they.

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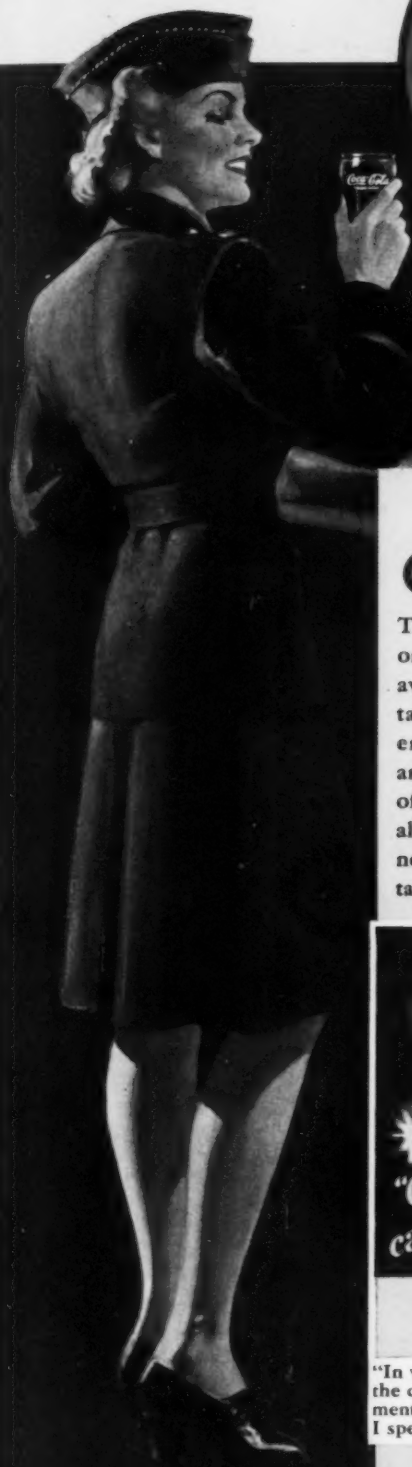
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